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The Critic

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894

A Letter on Woman Suffrage*

FROM ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1894.

DEAR M.—: The old summer days of our girlhood have been brought back to my mind lately. Do you remember the dear ladies who believed in "Woman and Her Era," and how fierce we all were in our denunciations of the oppressor *man*—as exemplified in that kindly soul your father, and jolly "Uncle Robert"? Well, the women are up in arms again—the old arguments are brought up by smartly dressed women of society. It is especially funny when they are compared to the negro slave before the war. They are so well cared for by the oppressor man that they have plenty of time to agitate against their providers!

All the old arguments for universal male suffrage are used by the speech-makers, reëdited to suit woman suffrage. The speeches have been sometimes brilliant, if not new, the gentlemen politely bowing to the ladies to hint that they are wiser, nobler, better than themselves. Then they go on to insist upon arguments for the higher education of women, so that a poor, benighted, unlearned woman like myself does not exactly know whether it is for education or suffrage that she is asked to sign her name to a petition. She becomes still more bewildered when she is told that it will help men to have her vote, because she is finer, purer than they, and at the same time hears that the power to vote will do *her* good, as it will lift her from her present benighted state of ignorance and indifference to her country's interests, and help to educate her. That she should get this lift and learning out of a right which has not taught men to be nobler or better or purer, does not strike any one in the audience as odd! That her immunity has helped to keep her nobler and purer is another anomaly not explained by the suffragists.

I began by listening to the old arguments with a sort of dreamy acquiescence. Men and women must be "equal"—it sounds so encouraging! Why should not women have a voice in what concerns them as much as it does men, and in some things that concern them more than men? Why indeed? Of course they are taxed, they help to support the state—indeed, without them there would not be much of a state to support; ought they to be excluded from making laws which govern the state? And when it comes down to the front door, why shouldn't the women see to the cleaning of the streets and the purification of the saloons? They are men's equal, and almost as well educated, as good and as intelligent in ordinary matters. Why is this education and intelligence wasted? Then I began to wonder why they did not vote. There must be some reason—why have they always left the state and the city to the men? They are "just as good as the men." But are they just as good for those purposes? Would not their talents have been used if they were? What are women for, anyway?

In all these "debates," so called, not one person has had the courage to say women are *not* the equals of men in any sense applicable to government in a democracy. Indeed, nature, and not man, has unfitted her for the struggle which a democracy imposes upon every good and conscientious citizen. It is argued with some inconsistency that it will develop the powers and intelligence of women if they have the vote, because without it they have become the superiors of men who have had the educational benefit of the ballot. Nothing is less well proven than that the franchise has changed the character of the emigrant or educated the Negro.

Freedom and better opportunities may have done it. The ballot alone often proves a means of corruption.

The women, it seems to me, who ask for suffrage are dazzled by a word, and attach to the franchise a value that, in their case at least, would be fictitious, for they would only hold their right by the force of the men who were willing to defend that right. If men should see fit to withdraw, women would scarcely be able to exercise their rights. They would have to appeal to the stronger sex for defence. If women are compared to invalid men, and should not be disfranchised because of physical disabilities, is it not rather unfortunate that those disabilities apply to every woman, and that in a general way they are more onerous among the intelligent and well-informed women than among the stronger but coarser and less thoughtful ones? But the invalid man to whom women are likened is still a man, while the frequent weakness of the woman may take away her desire to vote. There are long periods in the lives of women when they find their ordinary duties very heavy, and now a few eager ones wish to double this burden. It is little comfort to me to have them say, as many of them do not hesitate to say, "Oh, you need n't vote if you don't want to, but you ought to let *us* vote!" Not at all. I want that you should not force me to neglect my obvious duties in order to vote, when I believe we are both better without it. You are the aggressor. You should show good reason for interfering with my liberty.

Men have deliberately taken upon themselves the duties of the state, finding that by giving every man a voice, without distinction of persons or property, they got, as they believed, a more just administration of the laws. Such duties women were exempted from; because the duties imposed on woman by nature kept her secluded part of her life, and were most burdensome when she was in her prime. I cannot but think that there was something in the nature of women which made the founders of the Republic indifferent to their help in the Government of the Republic. The women of that day were quite as capable as those of to-day; they were not quite so well educated, perhaps, possibly not so refined in some respects, but just as intelligent, as thoughtful and interested in the future of their new nation as the great-grandchildren who now represent them. Why, with their heads full of Equality and Fraternity, did not the men ask their coöperation with the ballot? Perhaps they were not so dazzled by the word *vote* as are their descendants. To them the heavy work, the defence of the state, was offset by the care of the hearth-fire. As we advance, the woman finds a wider home in all the true "Humanities"—in the care of the idiot, the lunatic, the pauper, the criminal. These are in the noblest sense her companions, for she helps them through their bitter years and gives them the only joy they ever have. She turns to all that suffer, and, no matter how disgusting the task, fulfills it with a smile if it sets one heart at ease. All education, all philanthropy, all society are her demesne, and it seems to me it is wide enough without a pretense of governing, when she could only drop a ballot, and could not enforce the law which that ballot is meant to stand for.

We have become accustomed during this century and in America to regard the power to vote as both a natural right and a great privilege. I do not believe it is either. It is a difficult and serious duty which men have taken upon themselves as a means of getting some expression of opinion from the whole nation, believing that something more just might thus be arrived at than by the governing of persons called kings. In small and prosperous commonwealths, where the individuals have all arrived at about the same

degree of civilization, at something like unanimity of purpose, and at not too great a disparity of wealth, it has appeared to be partially successful; nevertheless it is still on trial, and that it is either just or reasonable in great cities and with mixed degrees of education the serious-minded dweller in New York may be allowed to doubt. We are asked at this time to double all the dangers of the ballot by allowing hundreds of thousands of the most unprepared class in the community to vote without restriction or preparation.

But they say it would educate women up to an equality with men, and then they would be of greater value as social factors. I fail to see the logic of this. Does any woman really believe that her power to vote would make a son obey his mother, or a husband love his wife?—while the dissension it might breed is a very serious reason for hesitating to give it. Even in happy households it would strain the family relations when both or all members of the family were truly interested, and in those in which discord had already found a footing it would be another source of bitterness. Think of the lack of dignity before their children and the world to see Mrs. Jones presiding at a Republican caucus while Mr. Jones was urging the Democrats to hold together in this election! The picture is not reassuring. It would, I am convinced, lower the standard of marriage, for it would only be the thoughtless and impulsive who would rush into this relation. He who considered seriously his duty to his party might want to be sure that the young lady was on his side! This is not as absurd as it sounds, when you reflect that even the marriage between Christians of different sects is a matter that creates much bitterness, and that uncommon affection and strength of purpose must exist to overcome it. Yet, as Joseph Jefferson says, "Religion directly teaches charity and affection, while these have never been taught by politics."

The habits of mind and method of action of women are so different from those of men that it is difficult for the latter to follow their steps, and in the discussions on this subject nothing has been more curious than to see the way in which the men who would give her the ballot, "if she wants it," have tried to get at a woman's opinion on the subject. She flies at her game—the ballot; she swoops down, picks it up, tears it to pieces, and drops it. Slowly he climbs after, laboriously reasoning as to why she wants it and why, when she does not want it, she ought to want it; and when he gets there she has flown. She did want it because her brother had it, or her father did not want her to have it—but she really has no use for it. The others—in her vague phraseology this word covers all the rest of humanity—they may vote; but it bores her to hear about it now! "Indeed, a woman need not vote at all if she does not want to."

To the man, poor soul, this seems like frivolity. He is mistaken. It is the way she thinks—springing from point to point, irresponsible as a bird in matters not her own. See the same woman managing an elaborate household, driving four or five difficult boys abreast or tandem, keeping the accounts of a hospital or a relief fund, planning the social functions of a wide circle of friends, advising, consoling, lifting the downtrodden, encouraging the aspiring, curbing the reckless. She is not frivolous in her own line of thought and with her own methods of work; but when she talks of regulating wages, of conducting financial schemes, of government which must be backed by force, she seems like a child. Do you not suppose that this very common phenomenon is significant of something? Is it all accident, is it all the oppression of man, the subjection of woman?

If men have burdened themselves with the state, they have left women free to be their critics, their intelligent advisers. They have kept them from all that is coarse and vulgar in politics. How is it that if they have a real sense of government they have not been more felt?

Educate them so far as you can afford, but not as *men*, not to take the ædæd shoulder to shoulder with the harder

nature, lest, as in the fable of the earthen and the iron pot floating on the stream, the least rough jolting break the weaker material. The stronger must protect the weaker vessel, for she is the promise of the future and the precious yet frail vessel in which the flame of life is carried. Take away from men the task of protection and you cast them back two thousand years—you make them savages. Men love the struggle for mastery with one another: it makes them better, stronger, wiser; if they struggle with women it brutalizes them and degrades them while it robs women of their especial superiority.

I have not mentioned what as an artist I personally feel to be the strongest argument of all—to make little men of women is so ugly; to unsex them, so intensely inartistic. I know all my socialistic friends who have gone over to this woman-suffrage movement will scoff at the word art. To them it is a great impertinence that one bud should take it upon itself to say, "I will not develop into green leaves; I will draw double nourishment from my stem, and the air, and the sunshine, and I will become a flower, a lovely, perishable, delicate bloom that all who see me will love, and protect, and cherish, and go on their way thanking God for my blooming." Art, for these good people, is a sin against equality, and how deeply I should offend them did I say that Art—all arts, and the greatest of all, the Art of Living—is in the hands of woman, and she is art herself. Though she is not conscious of it she is ever fashioning her work of art, the home. She, like the silk-worm, contains in herself the material out of which the home is made, and she is most useful when she is making it. The Socialist, seeing nothing but the materialistic result, and ignoring the spiritual significance of the process, would have a coöperative home which is, begging his pardon, no home at all—simply a living-place. The "unable worm," as Katharine calls us in "The Taming of the Shrew," houseless and weak, is soon destroyed. However rough the path of poor, weak, overburdened women, they find time to build up those corners of life, like chimney-swallows in the very throat of the chimney, and though it be covered outside with soot, they line it within with the purest, whitest down. This thing men, however clever, have never accomplished; and women, some of the silliest, do it as unconsciously as the swallow, or "Maggie Murphy" herself.

If civilization means anything it means that the strong have learned to protect the weak and not to oppress them. Women in America are protected. Men defend the home in order that women may exercise in it the function which they alone can exercise. If you destroy the seclusion of the home you undo all that men have striven for, and this must be destroyed if women are pushed out to take part in the hurly-burly of politics. We are continually asking that questions such as wages, saloons, schools shall be "taken out of politics," but now these people want to put all the women into politics and thus decree that every question of social economy, art, or ethics must be decided by a majority. The questions which are most vital to women cannot be decided by fluctuating majorities. The best opinion of experts should be the influence to decide these questions.

Sex, being the one factor in the question of any consequence, is in our northern speech passed over without comment. Indeed, it would be very impolite to suggest in a drawing-room where you have been received by the delicate-faced, charmingly dressed hostess, that her frail and pathetic face, so persuasive in its passionate intensity, is the indication of overwrought sensibilities whose root is deep in that sex which she ignores. She is the vessel of honor—too frail for rough usage, yet capable of the office of life-bearer, and as such to be guarded and built about with care and love. Everything related to this one essential difference is hers: first the family, next the house, the school, the hospital, the charities, the college, the university—everything that opens the world to the young and that helps the downtrodden. Hers, too, may be the cleanliness and sanitation of the city; and

the housekeeping generally of the community. And this is not enough, but now her small shoulders must bear the state, the railroads, and the commerce of the world! I hold that it is the man's duty to bring all that is honorable to this port to be judged and turned into something new and strange. She alone can make men nobler and purer, not by going down to struggle with them, but by rewarding the best with her praise.

In these parlor speeches no one uses the word sex in its true meaning, but always as a compliment or a slur. But it is a fact, and the most complete and stubborn one in nature; and you have to go down very low indeed in nature before the two sexes become one in the same individual. It is the great fact of nature, for without it there would be no world, no country to govern. You cannot make the child-bearer the same as the breadwinner, and she ought not to be made so. She must stay within and elaborate her work in silence and mystery—with *recueillement*—and the whole masculine world must wait for her and upon her and help her to do her work well by doing its own work.

Now, some of her sisters and brothers, misled by words, wish to drive her out to help in the world's work, yet expect of her the old grace, the delicate touch for babyhood and death, the ready emotion for sorrow and pain. For it follows as the night the day, that this painful duty of guiding the state means, in our civilization, at least, that she must fight, and fight hard, must learn who and what the men are for whom she casts her vote, must go to the primaries, must sit on juries—and yet never give up her *real rights*, those that are "the Lord's work," of being the life-giver, of keeping a happy corner where the weary can rest, of keeping men—who naturally relapse into barbarism when left too long alone—keyed to the more delicate harmonies of life. Can they do both? I say they cannot. And some of the very women who are working hardest in this matter are proofs to me of the impossibility of combining all the work of all the world in one frail sex.

Closely allied to woman suffrage is socialism, a belief in the sanctity of the individual, making both men and women independent; and to this joins itself without inconsequence that free choice of companionship which we have called free love. The Oneida Community, the Fourierite Phalansteries, and, in another direction, but one really better suited to our Puritan notions, the Shaker families, are all experiments in equal rights. In all these communities the closer relations between mother and child are not thought desirable. Children in Plato's Republic were to be taken from their mothers and reared with care by a "board of nurses" (as we should say), while the mother was to nurse some other children. In case the child was defective, it was to be disposed of.

Did it ever occur to you how lonely is woman? All the great crises of her life she must face alone. The minister at his ordination has his bishop and the clergy and his fellow-students, the lawyer his judge and jury, the orator his audience, the statesman the pulse of the nation, the soldier his men to command or his captain to obey. But woman is alone, unaided, silent, inglorious. The experience of all other women is of no use to her at the moment of her great trial. She is Eve, with her first-born; the poor creature in the hospital, the queen in her palace—one as lonely as the other. This must have some meaning, some effect upon her way of facing life; and her lack of capacity for organizing, and her great willingness as soon as she can do so to withdraw from coöperative work have, I believe, a very deep basis.

Do the agitators guess what effect adding to her already burdened spirit the rule of the nation will have on her natural instinct? Everything will have to be readjusted. Will it be improved? Nature has made man the superior in strength, grasp of intellect, in nervous energy; wisdom and power and glory are his, yet without us he is a vain shadow, for we who seem so inferior, have the one gift without which

all his achievement goes for naught. We are the transmutors, the transmitters of all he has accomplished. Like a clear glass we hold it all and carry it on—a frail, half unconscious "vessel of the Lord," spiritually the equal of man.

He is bound to protect us, to defend us, to keep this vessel of honor pure from stain, free from the rough usage of the world. It is his duty to us and to himself. Vaguely and unconsciously he feels it. The roughest of humanity will help the woman first out of a burning building, a shattered railway-car, for he feels instinctively that she is the Future—that idol of mankind; that she holds the race in her bosom—that race, that posterity, for which men have passioned and died over and over again. She cannot be too well guarded, nor too well cared for, since she must be the caretaker of the world. This is the type of woman for whom alone the law can be made, for whom nothing that humanity can do is too good—at once the altar, the divinity and the sacrifice. The Talmud says, "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers."

Always your old friend,

H. DEK. G.

Literature

"Poushkin's Prose Tales"

Translated from the Russian by T. Keane. Macmillan & Co.

THERE ARE certain "bivalve" geniuses whose natures open with equal readiness on the "faerie shore forlorn" of poetry or the realm of horn whence proceed the emanations of prose. Some fairy godmother has endowed them with magic optics, fitted for seeing the objective realities of life and for feeling the universal rhythm of things: twin gifts as separate and apart as aqueous and terrestrial existences. The two natures are not often, as in Plato, blent into a perfect harmony whose medium of expression is one—a faultless prose saturated with the finer essences of poetry; or, as in David the King, whose Hebraic poesy and passion, whether they take the form of prose or verse, are equally ignited of the celestial fires. Modern times, too, teem with examples of the more or less successful double-nature, the one of which is a sort of lining to the other, as silk turned back to back with velvet. Nearly every nation has such to show: Boccaccio, Cervantes, Schiller, Hugo, Poe. In Poushkin Russia has an example of the duplex intellectual gift, as Norway has in Björnstjerne Björnson: a celebrated poet whose prose tales suggest the two stringed lyre.

The remarkable stories before us are all Russian in theme, landscape and treatment, the forerunners of the now melodious, now irritating swarm which has poured from the Slav Parnassus since the beginning of the century. For there is much in modern Russian romance which is unsympathetic to the Aryan race, which is un-European and even Tatar in its remoteness from a western sphere. Just as the semi-barbaric architecture of Moscow, with its green, fantastic domes and mixture of eastern and western styles, strikes the artistic eye as harsh and ungraceful, so the life unveiled in Gogol and even Tourguéneff, is a life almost of another planet, Homeric in its coarseness and extravagance, almost Mongolian in its monotony. Huge eating and drinking, loud laughter, unpoetic dissipation, tumultuous passion thinly veiled since Catherine II. under a veneering of French affectation, spread their echoes through these romances and frequently repel the reader, even though his appetite may be voracious. Taste for Russian novels is distinctly an acquired taste, like the original taste for oysters, or nightingales' tongues, or caviare, or the recent rage in England for guillemots' eggs or edible snails. Once acquired, however, it is like the taste for *kwass*: nothing but that will satisfy the Cossack children. Poushkin has a strong but not repellant national flavor; his Russian types are not supersaturated. The excellent translation of his stories reproduces, indeed, the caviare odor; but if it is Russia that one is intellectually travelling in, one must put up with a Russian dietary: the author, in fact,

would be untrue to himself if he gave us a French *cuisine* in the land of *moujiks*. The only quarrel we have with the translator is that he has opened the volume with the uninteresting story of "The Captain's Daughter," instead of the vivid and admirable short stories that close the volume. These are really "stories," not narratives; powerful, realistic, picturesque and original, unspoiled except by a certain uncertainty in the spelling of proper names (p. 62), the use of the odious Britishism "different to" (p. 308), and the chance employment of *like* for *as*, as a conjunction (p. 306). Poushkin is seen at his best in these one-act prose dramas.

"Among the Floors"

By G. Montbard. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE COMBINATION of pen and pencil, artist and author, is in our days quite common, but it is rare that the artist is so exuberant in vocabulary and rhetoric as the Frenchman whose name and handsome physiognomy here confront each other on title-page and frontispiece. In the vigor of early manhood, and with powerful perceptive faculties, Montbard also wields a very trenchant pen. Indeed, to our taste, his writing is almost rank with words and sentences which are like over-ripe berries that one can scarcely touch without soiling hand and dress. He is an anti-Semitic Frenchman, and hates heartily the whole Semitic world. His preface, which, instead of being what that word would ordinarily suggest, has for title "A Crumbling Empire," is a fierce philippic, not only against the Moors, the Arabs, the Berbers and the Jews, but against all the sons of Shem. He has not only hurled his ink-pot at the devil, who in this case has a hooked nose, and Abrahamic eyes, but he seems to have thrown his palette, also, at the same phantasm. He says of the Moors:—"These arrant cutthroats, incapable of carrying on this borrowed civilization incompatible with the aspirations of the race, with its instinct of depredation and savage independence, set to quarreling among themselves, infested the seas, and laid waste the coast, giving free scope to their ungovernable passions," etc., etc. After this arraignment, he lands us at Tangier, and proceeds to take us through the Moorish cities and over into the oases of Sahara. Instead of being, as one might suppose, the missionary of French politicians bound on a new conquest in South Africa, he has been a correspondent of illustrated newspapers; and the volume is abundantly furnished with sketch, portrait and picture. It has in it scores of those woodcuts which fill the French newspapers.

Several of his companions—three, at least—were Englishmen, and this gives the Frenchman a good opportunity to show how different British human nature is from the Gallic variety. The four had abundance of wild experiences on foot and horseback, and the author has seen a good deal of genuine adventure. Where he has not seen with his own eyes, however, he makes up for the deficiency with lively illustrations. Especially lovely and fascinating are the faces of the women. These are not only better drawn, but are finished with more art than the average drawing of man, beast, or edifice. Yet the author seems to have been especially successful in depicting—by both pen and pencil—the architecture and the wonderful contrasts of light and shade. Every sort of character in Moorish life is described. Several explorations through the prisons were made, and those who love to go into chambers of horrors, through the medium of the printed page, will find in this book much to their delectation. The descriptions of natural scenery are very fine, the author's vocabulary suggesting Swinburne in many places. Nevertheless, there is throughout the work a feeling of almost morbid hatred, mingled with fierce contempt, of the people, unmitigated by scarcely a touch of that human sympathy which would have lightened up some of the chapters. Few books give so clear an idea of life in the oases and in the land where sun and shade are continual rivals, but where our changeable weather is unknown.

Poetry and Verse

"SPIDER-WEBS IN VERSE," by Charles William Wallace, is one of those crude, silly volumes that now and then reach us from the remoter districts. It argues ill for the æsthetic standards of Nebraska that the author is Professor of Rhetoric and Literature in the Western Normal College at Lincoln. The writer notes in his preface that "a large share of the first edition was engaged nearly six months before it went to press." Apparently this is the sort of thing that Nebraska likes:—

"O Stygian water, of heart breakings fraught,
Far more aburdened of mournful commotion
Than night is of stillness or Hell is of fellness,
Knoll thou and toll my ocean devotion!"

Prof. Wallace's two "Sonnets of Life," which were suggested, he tells us, by the nursery rhyme, "Sing a song of Sixpence," were pronounced ambiguous by local critics, since, as he observes, "obscurity and occultness synchronously attend upon and are concomitant with both iconographic delineations and symbolical phraseology." Accordingly he has furnished a key, from which we learn, *e. g.*, that *arrows* = faith in the future, while *skied in the doming flood* = "acts, deeds, words, hopes, etc., of the dead reflected in humanity and especially in the hearts of friends." The clumsy and sometimes coarse funning in which the author indulges is only less unpleasant than the self-consciousness and insincerity of the "serious" pieces. Mr. Wallace has given to his book a motto from Pope:—"The spider's touch—how exquisitely fine!" —THERE IS LITTLE that is provincial in the "Sonnets and Other Verses" by William Gay, although they bear the imprint of an Australian firm of publishers. The book, or rather pamphlet, is a small, unpretentious production, and does not require extended comment. The sonnet in memory of Laurence Oliphant is really fine, and some of the others are not without dignity and force. It is a pity that Mr. Gay has decided, as he tells us in a prefatory note, to publish no more verses. (Melbourne; E. A. Petherick & Co.)

"BAN AND ARRIÈRE BAN," by Andrew Lang, bears the very felicitous sub-title, "A Rally of Fugitive Rhymes." Nowadays Mr. Lang seems to sing "because he must," not because he likes, and one detects a certain perfunctoriness, a certain want of spontaneity, in much of his verse. The translations which conclude the volume, and are reprinted from the author's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," possess a freshness and charm that characterize but few of the other poems. Indeed, the metaphors employed by Mr. Lang in speaking of this collection—"fugitive rhymes," "recaptured pieces," "a broken, beaten host"—are not altogether inappropriate, nor is the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" fairly exemplified by this levy in mass of unremembered rhymes. Exception must be made in favor of "How They Held the Bass" (a spirited ballad of the Jacobite wars), and of some of the humorous pieces. Mr. Lang's literary preferences are indicated in "The Restoration of Romance," "The Journey of the Heroes" and the praise awarded to Mark Twain. The cheery poet's own characterization of his work, as "rather thin," etc., has a spice of truth in it. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—MR. TOM HALL'S VOLUME "When Hearts Are Trumps," cannot be said to deserve the handsome dress which the publishers, Messrs. Stone & Kimball, have given it. Read at intervals in the pages of *Life* these airy trifles may serve to amuse the passing moment; presented in mass, the impression they produce is little agreeable. Flippancy and cynicism of the kind that Young America thinks knowing disfigure too many of Mr. Hall's verses. The really sincere and human things—*e. g.*, "Why He Asked for a Vacation"—seem out of place in the midst of so much that is frivolous. Mr. Hall writes too rapidly and too much, and he sometimes approaches the verge of silliness. He gives us "cloy" as a noun (p. 6), "knickerbockered knees" (p. 69), and he is by no means fastidious about his rhymes. The poems which describe the moods of a duellist prove that the author is capable of writing good melodrama. (Stone & Kimball.)

"FROM MILTON TO TENNYSON" is a collection of poems from nineteen poets, edited, with notes, by Mr. L. D. Syle, instructor in English in the University of California. The selections are generally the standard ones—Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," etc., Gray's "Elegy" and "The Bard," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and the like. Sometimes they are less fortunate; as Dryden's poor paraphrase of Chaucer's "Good Parson" for one of three from that poet, and

a portion of "Balaustion's Adventure" as the one specimen of Browning; though from the critical comments on the latter poet we might wonder that he was allowed any representation in the anthology. These "critical comments" are, indeed, the poorest part of the notes, which in other respects are not below the average of similar text-books. We note occasional bad misprints in both text and notes; as "Two" for "To" on the first page ("Two ivy-crowned Bacchus bore"), "battering" for "battening" in the notes on "Lycidas," etc. Less excusable are the venerable corruptions in the text of Gray's *Elegy*—"winds slowly" in the second line, and "Awaits alike the inevitable hour"; and "The lanes, you know, were white with May" (for "may," the white hawthorn blossom) in Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter," etc. (Boston: Allyn & Bacon.)—"A SYMPHONY OF THE SPIRIT" is the rather enigmatical title of a pretty booklet in which Mr. George S. Merriam has gathered up some sixty poems of "faith and uplifting thought" to comfort those who have lost dear friends. The selections are mainly from Wordsworth, Clough, Matthew and Edwin Arnold, Tennyson, Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier, though early poets like Henry Vaughan and George Herbert are not forgotten. Emerson seems to be a special favorite with our anthologist, being represented by eleven pieces. Lowell and Browning come next with six each, and Tennyson with five. All are chosen with equal taste and feeling, and many are less familiar than we generally find in collections of the kind. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Medical Literature

THE "ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE, BIOLOGY and Allied Sciences," by George M. Gould, A.M., M.D., is the *magnum opus* of that medical lexicographer. Dr. Gould has paid special attention in the compilation of this work to the numerous new words that are being coined almost daily to meet the constant requirements of advancing science. The pronunciation, accentuation, derivation and definition are given of the terms used in surgery, anatomy, physiology, therapeutics, *matéria medica*, legal medicine and in all other branches of the science, together with those of words in various related sciences, such as dentistry, chemistry, zoology, botany, electricity, bacteriology, veterinary medicine, etc. Biology has been treated with especial care. Dr. Gould pointing out in his preface the importance of its study to all students of medicine. The system of tabulating, followed by him in his smaller dictionaries, has also been applied in this volume, a maximum of information being gathered in this way in a minimum of space. While a number of the illustrations have been taken from authoritative works, such as those of Landois, Ziegler and others, some of them have been specially prepared for this volume. Of convenient size, well printed, and strongly bound, the Dictionary will undoubtedly justify its existence as a handy part of the working library of the medical practitioner or the student; while to the layman, also, it must have a positive value. (P. Blakiston, Son & Co.)

MR. F. L. DIBBLE, M.D., the author of "Vagaries of Sanitary Science," is, we believe, the first who has had the moral courage to criticise boldly the pretensions of the class of people who style themselves "sanitary scientists." What is known as sanitary science was originated in England about forty or fifty years ago, by those who held that filth is the cause of all zymotic diseases. In this country, he declares, it was started from our fondness of the English and our habit of imitating them. In taking the stand he has, Dr. Dibble by no means has become an advocate of filth, but asserts that filth is not necessarily a cause, nor cleanliness of itself, in all cases, a preventive of that class known as filth diseases. In this book he undertakes to controvert the teachings of sanitary experts, that the very air we breathe, the food we eat, the water and milk we drink and the soil we tread upon are poisoned through the organic matter or impersonal life which abounds in them: thus needlessly exciting and alarming the timid ones among us. Sewer gas, he declares, is harmless and incapable of causing disease; in fact, he contends that it does not exist, and in support of this view adduces very strong proof. His style is at times amusingly sarcastic, as, for instance, in the following description of the evolution of the "sanitary plumber" from the old-fashioned plumber. Household-ers who have had dealings with the individual will recognize him from the pen-picture:—

"This guide, philosopher and friend proceeded without delay to fabricate and set traps for us which he said would shield us from the deadly vapor. He had no sooner put one in than

it was shown that the gas was generated in such quantities in the sewer that it was forced past the trap. The next one he placed went through that inscrutable process of 'syphoning out,' and we were worse off than if we had had no trap at all. We must now ventilate them; when this was done the joints began to leak, and he said the material of the pipes was so weak that it could not stand the peppermint test; and in some way that future improvisation alone would explain, it was proclaimed that sewer gas escaping from a pinhole would cause disease more surely than if it were passing out in volumes a foot in diameter. There was no safety but in tearing out all of the old fixtures and replacing them with new ones. After their renewal we were no better off, for not a day passed that the sanitary dervishes did not relate the poisoning of whole families by sewer gas."

The reader will be surprised to learn that a dead body cannot cause a contagious or infectious disease. This statement, so at variance with the views of sanitarians, is supported by what seems to be incontestable proof. The work shows extensive research and careful study on the part of the author, and, while his views conflict somewhat with the teachings of the present, he is honest in his convictions. His principal aim seems to have been to allay that dread of contracting disease from the air, our food and drink, which pseudo-scientists have instilled into the minds of the people. In this effort he will have the cheerful support of the medical profession. We recommend this book as instructive and interesting reading. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MR. ERNEST HART'S "Hypnotism, Mesmerism and the New Witchcraft" first appeared in a series of papers in *The Nineteenth Century* and *The British Medical Journal*. Mr. Hart has spent years in the study and investigation by experiments of the peculiar condition known as hypnotism or mesmerism, and his views, as set forth in his book, may be fairly said to represent those of the profession in this country and in Europe. Perhaps nothing of late years has so deeply interested those engaged in the study of scientific medicine as hypnotism. Mr. Hart describes it as a "mental condition of disturbed equilibrium of the nervous system and brain apparatus of the person operated upon." The power to hypnotize is not in the operator, but resident in the patient or subject. There is no such thing as a rare gift or power possessed by anyone to throw another into that condition—a glass of water, a coin, silver spoon, lime-light, etc., will answer as well as a professional hypnotizer or mesmerizer. The person to be hypnotized must be of a peculiar, hysterical temperament: Prof. Charcot has shown that the condition is allied to hysteria. At one time it was thought that hypnotism might be useful as a curative agent in certain nervous maladies. Charcot, after numerous trials, came to the conclusion that it is useless and often injurious. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE CARE AND FEEDING of Children: a Catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses," by L. Emmett Holt, M.D., is a little volume of great value. Arranged in the form of questions and answers, it contains rules for every moment in the infant's life, with explanations whenever they seem to be necessary. No one having the care of infants and children can conscientiously ignore this little book, and the first-born in families where no servants are kept will owe to it all its comfort, and possibly its very life. (D. Appleton & Co.)—A THIRD EDITION OF Dr. A. A. Baldwin's "Family Pocket Homœopathist" for families and travelers has made its appearance. It deals with the many common ailments where family practice may be applied, and with those diseases where prompt preliminary action is needed. A list of dishes for invalids, with full directions for their preparation, is appended. (Rochester, N. Y.: E. Darrow & Co.)—"THE BURDEN OF ILL-HEALTH: How to Bear It," by Leila Lyon Topping, is a booklet of advice from an invalid to her fellow-sufferers. Its tone is religious and its reasoning based largely upon quotations from the Bible. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—AN EXCELLENT LITTLE volume is "A Handbook for Mothers," by Jane H. Walker, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. and M.D., intended for the guidance of mothers and those about to become mothers. The author tells us that "the body should be considered as an instrument to be kept in order," and just how to keep it so, she clearly and concisely describes. The book also contains valuable and most useful suggestions as to the care and rearing of infants. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE FIRST EDITION OF "The Blot Upon the Brain" was reviewed by *The Critic* shortly after its appearance. In the second edition, the author, by "lopping off" superfluous passages and abridging others, has avoided increasing the size of the book, although he has made a few addi-

tions. The work is intensely interesting and instructive and may be read with profit by the layman as well as by the scientific neurologist. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE AUTHOR OF "Cholera: Its Causes, Symptoms, Pathology and Treatment," Dr. Roberts Bartholow, is well known by his numerous and excellent works on medical topics. He has had practical experience in the treatment of cholera, and his book is partly the outcome of that experience during a former epidemic, as well as of that of others engaged in the recent epidemic in Europe. It embodies the very latest views which modern science and research have brought out concerning the disease. While we have greatly advanced in our knowledge of the cause and the means to prevent the spread of cholera, the results of medical treatment are no better than those obtained forty or fifty years ago. In view of the ever-present possibility of an epidemic of cholera in this country, the timely appearance of Dr. Bartholow's book will prove of inestimable aid to the practising physician. (Lea Bros. & Co.)

—THE OBJECTION to the school books on anatomy and physiology that have been brought to our notice is that they are too elementary and superficial. This will not apply to "An Academic Physiology and Hygiene," by Orestes M. Brands and Henry C. van Gieson. It is full and comprehensive, and we recommend it, not only as a text-book for advanced students in our schools and colleges, but also to all who may seek a general knowledge of the physical man. The series of questions appended to each chapter will greatly aid both teacher and pupil in the study of the book. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

—WE DOUBT the expediency of placing such a book as Dr. Lyman B. Sperry's "Confidential Talks with Young Men" in the hands of young persons. The knowledge which it is designed to convey is always acquired later in life and in a less objectionable manner. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

—A VERY INTERESTING biographical sketch of the late William Kitchen Parker, F.R.S., written by his son, has recently appeared. Mr. Parker was well known to the scientific world as a voluminous writer on comparative anatomy. For some time he

occupied the chair of Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal College of Surgeons. The book opens with a letter from his friend Prof. Huxley, who speaks of him as a "man of noble and lovable character, endowed with intellectual powers of a very unusual order." (Macmillan & Co.)

"NURSING: Its Principles and Practice," by Isabel Adams Hampton, is a very complete and well written book, containing most valuable and useful information for those employed as trained nurses, either in hospitals or in private life. The author has had extensive experience and expresses her views well. Inasmuch as the trained nurse is not a graduate in medicine, nor even supposed to practice medicine, but merely to act under the orders of the physician in attendance, we would suggest the omission of the chapters devoted to the consideration of the cause, diagnosis and treatment of diseases. (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders.)

—MARY A. BOLAND'S "Handbook of Invalid Cooking" will prove a great boon to those who, having charge of the sick, are compelled to rely for cooked dishes upon the family cook. The book contains interesting chapters on the chemistry of food, digestion, nutrition, etc. While it is not to be expected that the intelligence of the ordinary cook will rise to a proper understanding of these subjects, the recipes proper for the preparation of meals and special dishes for the invalid are excellent and clearly expressed, and no difficulty should be encountered in following them. (The Century Co.)

—"THE HEALTH RESORTS OF EUROPE" is a medical description of the numerous mineral strings to be found on the Continent. It gives the diseases for which the waters and baths are most beneficial, the time of the year to visit them, the best hotels and their terms, the names of the local physicians, etc. In short, it is a most complete guide-book, giving information which we have found in no other work of the kind. It will be useful to the invalid contemplating a trip abroad for health's sake. The author, Dr. Thomas Linn, formerly of New York, resides at Nice during the winter, and at Aix-les-Bains during the summer months. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The August Magazines

"The Atlantic Monthly"

MRS. DELAND continues in this number the story of "Philip and his Wife"; the last of Frank Bolles's papers, "August Birds in Cape Breton," is published; Susan Coolidge contributes a study of Catherine of Russia in "The Girlhood of an Autocrat"; William R. Thayer publishes the second instalment of "Letters of Sidney Lanier"; Henry Childs Merwin talks of "Professional Horsemen" and their tricks that are dark; Alice Morse Earle has an interesting study of "Church Communion Tokens"; William Sharp gives a detailed account of "Cardinal Lavigerie's Work in North Africa"; Albert H. Washburn touches upon "Some Evils in Our Consular Service"; and Theodore Roosevelt considers "The College Graduate and Public Life." "A Fair Exchange," by A. M. Ewell, and "Love and Art," by Ellen Olney Kirk, are short stories; and there is one poem—a sonnet, "Moosilauke," by Edna Dean Proctor. "Voices from Afar," by Edith M. Thomas, is an article on the play of the poetic fancy in sickness.

THE WHITE SISTERS

Mr. William Sharp pays a glowing tribute to the White Sisters, in his article on "Cardinal Lavigerie's Work in North Africa."

"Among the Arabs," he says, "there was and is a spirit of wonder and admiration for the dauntless courage, the self-sacrificing devotion, the medical knowledge and skill, the tenderness and saintly steadfastness, of these heroic women. Hundreds have been brought to a different attitude entirely through observation of the *Sœurs de Notre Dame d'Afrique*. In the words of the eminent Jesuit whom I have already quoted, 'The moral superiority of these women, their self-denying kindness, their courage and devotion, deeply impressed the unbelievers, who gazed at them with astonishment and admiration, as if they belonged to a different order of beings, and were something more than human.' Cardinal Lavigerie himself bore frequent testimony of a similar kind. 'I have seen them,' he said on one occasion, 'in the midst of their work. I have seen them surrounded by a motley crowd of men and children, both Christians and Mohammedans, all clamoring to them for succor; begging them to cure their ailments, to relieve their poverty; kissing with the utmost veneration the habit they wear.' Here, again, is a remarkable instance, also adduced by the

Cardinal:—'One of the Sisters was passing through the streets of a populous Eastern city, and was accosted by an old man, a Turk, who said to her, with a mixture of curiosity and respect, 'Tell me, Sister, when you came down from heaven, did you wear the same dress in which we now see you?''"

"VOICES FROM AFAR"

"On a certain dateless day," says Miss Thomas, "in the blank calendar of listless illness, came—and stayed—the thought that the Elysian Fields and Deepest Tartarus are but so according to the soul's unit of measurement and comparison.

"With this thought came, simultaneously, the imagined testimony of two pilgrims from what the Anglo-Saxon terms 'The Middle Earth':—

'Waked a lone voyager
To voices touched with love and mirth:
'Rejoice! Thou art in Heaven!'
'Nay, whence I came was Heaven,—
I came but now from Earth!'

'Walked a lone voyager
To voices on the mournful blast:
'Thou comest to the Torment!'
'Nay, whence I came was Torment,—
My lot on Earth was cast!'

"At another time was heard what seemed the voice of complaining ones thrust out of life before they had tasted the fullness thereof—'The Cry of the Unready':—

'The rich day being reaped, Toil is content—
Nay, glad—beneath Sleep's popped wand to pass;
So, Death, to shine our spirits' will were bent;
But strike not yet,—we have not lived, alas!'

A LETTER OF SIDNEY LANIER

The following is part of one of Lanier's letters to Mr. Peacock, published in this number:—

"Bayard Taylor's death slices a huge cantle out of the world for me. I don't yet *know* it, at all: it only seems that he has gone to some other Germany, a little further off. How strange it all is: he was such a fine fellow, one almost thinks he might have talked Death

over and made him forego his stroke. Tell me whatever you may know, outside of the newspaper reports, about this end. Chas. Scribner's Sons have concluded to publish my Boy's Froissart, with illustrations. They are holding under advisement my work on English Prosody. I saw your notice of the Masque of Poets. The truth is, it is a distressing, an aggravated, yea, an intolerable collection of mediocrity and mere cleverness. Some of the pieces come so near being good that one is ready to tear one's hair and to beat somebody with a stick from pure exasperation that such narrow misses should after all come to no better net result—in the way of art—then so many complete failures. I could find only four poems in the book. As for Guy Vernon, one marvels that a man with any poetic feeling could make so many stanzas of so trivial a thing. It does not even sparkle enough to redeem it as *vers de société*. This is the kind of poetry that is technically called culture-poetry; yet it is in reality the product of a *want* of culture. If these gentlemen and ladies would read the old English poetry—I mean the poetry before Chaucer, the genuine English utterances, from Cædmon in the 7th century to Langland in the 14th—they could never be content to put forth these little diffuse prettinesses and dandy kickshaws of verse. * * * I am in the midst of two essays on Anglo-Saxon poetry which I am very anxious to get in print. These, with the Froissart and my weekly lectures, keep me bound down with work. God bless you both, and send you many a Christmas, prays your faithful

"S. L."

"I find I am out of stamps, for my check: so must mulct you two cents."

"Scribner's Magazine"

THIS IS THE yearly "Fiction Number," its principal feature being a series of six short stories: "French for a Fortnight," by H. C. Bunner; "An Undiscovered Murder," by T. R. Sullivan; "The Missing Evidence in 'The People vs. Dangerking,'" by William Henry Shelton; "Awaiting Judgment," by W. Graily Hewitt; "The End of Books," by Octave Uzanne; and "She and Journalism," by Harrison Robertson. There is, also, an installment of Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner." "Newport" is the subject of an article by Mr. W. C. Brownell; Octave Thanet discusses "The People That We Serve" in the series of Sketches of American Types; Mr. Hamerton interprets the art of Carolus Duran, whose "The Poet with the Mandolin" forms the frontispiece; and there is an interesting batch of letters from James Russell Lowell to Poe, with introduction and notes by Prof. George E. Woodberry. There is only one poem, "A Ballad of Crossing the Brook," by C. G. D. Roberts, with illustrations by F. H. Kaemmerer. The other illustrators are W. S. Vanderbilt Allen, Castaigne, Albert E. Sterner, A. B. Frost, W. Hatherell and Robida. The Point of View deals with "Domestic Service," "Degrees of Common Sense" and "The Talk in Novels."

LOWELL GIVES UP THE LAW FOR LETTERS

The following is one of the batch of letters, written by Lowell to Poe while the former was editing *The Pioneer*.

"BOSTON, April 17, 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"Hawthorne writes me that he shall be able to send an article [for *The Stylus*] in the course of a week or two. His terms are \$5 a page, but probably, as your pages will 'eat up' Copy with a less anacondalike appetite than the fine print magazines, your best plan would be to pay him so much by the article. His wife will make a drawing of his head or he will have a Daguerreotype taken, so that you can have a likeness of him. As to my own effigies. [Published with a sketch of his life in *Graham's*.] Page has painted a head of me which is called very fine, & which is now Exhibiting (I believe) at the National Academy in New York. This might be Daguerreotyped—or I might have one taken from my head as it is now—namely in a more civilized condition—the portrait by Page having *very* long hair, not to mention a beard and some symptoms of moustache, & looking altogether, perhaps, too antique to be palatable to the gentle public. But you shall use your own judgment about that. I write now in considerable confusion, being just on the eve of quitting the office which I occupy as 'attorney & Counsellor at Law.' I have given up that interesting profession, & mean to devote myself wholly to letters. I shall live with my father at Cambridge in the house where I was born. I shall write again soon & send you a poem and some data for a biographical sketch. Take my best love in exchange for your ready sympathy & use me always as you may have occasion as your affectionate friend.

"J. R. L."

"My address will be 'Cambridge, Mass.' in future. I do hope

& trust that *your* magazine will succeed. Be very watchful of your publishers & agents. They must be driven as men drive swine,—take your eyes off them for an instant & they bolt between your legs & leave you in the mire.

"J. R. L."

THE BOOK OF THE FUTURE

M. Octave Uzanne speculates on "The End of Books," and tells of what will take their place when the phonograph has been perfected and electricity has taken its true place in modern life. The author will become his own publisher, he says:—

"To avoid imitations and counterfeits he will be obliged, first of all, to go to the Patent-Office, there to deposit his voice, and register its lowest and highest notes, giving all the counter-hearings necessary for the recognition of any imitation of his deposit.



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The Government will realize great profits by these patents. Having thus made himself right with the law, the author will talk his work, fixing it upon registering cylinders. He will himself put these patented cylinders on sale; they will be delivered in cases for the consumption of hearers. * * * Libraries will be transformed into phonographotecks, or rather, phonostereotecks; they will contain the works of human genius on properly labelled cylinders, methodically arranged in little cases, rows upon rows, on shelves. The favorite editions will be the autophonographs of artists most in vogue."

CONVERSATION IN FICTION

This important feature of the art of novel-writing is discussed in *The Point of View*. "To the reader, in the main," says this writer, "the matter is quite simple: he likes abundant talk, and if there is too much of plain narrative he does not disdain to skip.

"At one extreme of opinion," he continues, "and practice is Flaubert, who, ascetic in everything pertaining to his art, professed nothing less than a 'hatred' for dialogue in novels, and put such rigor into the duty of keeping it *characteristic*, that no room was left for slipping in the smallest speech designed merely to help forward the story. At the other extreme is Charles Reade, who cautioned himself, 'When in a novel you find yourself about to say anything, pull up and ask, "Can I make one of my *dramatis personæ* say it?" If you can, always do.' * * * The common course, while lying between the two extremes, is not exactly a middle one. As the novel in its progress, responsive to life itself, has lost more and more the early fervor and force of incident, the novelist has been driven, out of sheer poverty, to depend more and more on talk. Urging the novelist further in the same direction is that quickening of the conscience which all artists have experienced lately with reference to truth and reality. * * * Under the ardor of a pursuit of reality, some novelists have allowed their people to be blunt and copious in talk of this sort. Thus novels have seemed to be growing of late, not only more talkative, but talkative in a much smaller way: so that one wonders whether the shameless reader for mere pleasure will not be driven to reverse his wonted order and, skipping the dialogue, read only the direct narrative."

CAROLUS DURAN AND HIS ART

Mr. Hamerton gives the following appreciation of the French portraitist's work:—

"M. Carolus Duran is known chiefly as a portrait-painter, and as he has enjoyed great popularity he has followed the career of a fashionable portrait-painter, a life in which, from the point of view of unsuccessful artists and their friends in the press, there is something derogatory, if not, indeed, absolutely unholy. At the same time the style of painting adopted by this artist is a style that does not by any means conceal his sense of his own power. His work shows a brilliance in execution and a richness of coloring which are quite contrary to the preference for dull colors and the affectedly simple handling adopted by certain artists of the new school. On this point I have heard M. Carolus Duran himself express an opinion. He said that, as it is easier to speak in a monotonous whisper than in the full force of powerful elocution, so it is easier to paint in an abstract manner, with low coloring, than to employ successfully a palette more nearly approximating to the brilliance of nature. As for his own practice, he can paint soberly enough when the subject requires it, and at other times, when costume and effect authorize richness and splendor, he gives such an astonishing *débat* to his pictures that they are dangerous to all their neighbors."

"The Century Magazine"

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD opens the August *Century* with an article on "Washington as a Spectacle," which has been illustrated by A. Castaigne; Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Bachelor Maid," Mr. Crawford's "Love in Idleness" and Mr. Fox's "Cumberland Vendetta" are continued, and there are three short stories: "P'tit Matin's Monotones," by George Wharton Edwards, "Old 'Bias's Vision," by Virginia Frazer Boyle, and "Maverick," by Mary Hallock Foote. E. L. Snell writes of "Dr. Morton's Discovery of Anæsthesia," and Russell Sturgis on "The Coleman Collection of Antique Glass." Henry Jerome Stockard and Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., continue the narrative of their trip "Across Asia on a Bicycle," and Prof. Eugene Lamb Richards deals with "Walking as a Pastime." "Poe in the South" is a series of selections from the poet's correspondence, selected and introduced by Prof. Woodberry; Senator Hoar and the Rev. J. M. Buckley discuss Woman Suffrage; Th. Bentzon chats of "Conversation in France"; and Timothy Cole speaks of the art of Quinten Massys. The poems are by Henry Jerome Stockard, Dora Read Goodale, James Whitcomb Riley, Edgar Fawcett and Frank Dempster Sherman. "Intelligent Citizenship" and "Legal Tender Money in History" are discussed in Topics of the Time, and there is an Open Letter on "The Senate and the Constitution," by Cephas Brainerd. The illustrations are by A. Castaigne, Louis Loeb, George Wharton Edwards, E. W. Kemble, Eric Pape, Otto H. Bacher, A. B. Frost, Irving R. Wiles, Albert E. Sterner, Alexander Schilling and Timothy Cole.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Mr. Crawford makes the following true observations apropos of the much-discussed and oft-abused shaft:—

"A famous living sculptor of ours has given us his opinion in condemnation of the Washington Monument. * * * To the present writer it seems not too much to say that in certain light the Obelisk is the most imposing simple object of great dimensions in the whole world. * * * Go to it at evening, when the sunset lights have faded and the full moon is rising. It is impossible not to see its beauty then. For some reason not immediately apparent the white light is not reflected from the lower half of it when the moon is not far above the horizon. The lines are all there, but the shaft is only a soft shadow below, gradually growing clearer as it rises, and ending in a blaze of silver against the dark sky. The enormous proportions are touched then with a profound mystery; the solidity of the symbol disappears, the greatness of the thought remains, the unending vastness of the idea is overwhelming. Block upon block, line by line it was built up with granite from many States, a union of many into one simple whole, a true symbol of what we Americans are trying to make of ourselves, of our country, and of our beliefs. There is the solid foundation, proved and tried, which we know of and trust in. There is the dark and shadowy present, through which the grand straight lines are felt rather than seen. And there, high in the still air, points the gleaming future, perfect in all points, bright at all points, lofty as all but heaven itself. There is the symbol. We may ask ourselves whether we are to overtake the shadows and reach the light, we or our children, or our children's children; or

whether the half-darkness will creep up with us always, and with them, for ages to come and even to the end."

DR. WILLIAM T. G. MORTON

"Sir James Y. Simpson was, as all the world knows," says Mr. Snell "a most eminent surgeon, but his chief claim to undying fame rests on his discovery that chloroform possessed properties similar to those which it had already been demonstrated belonged to sulphuric ether. But while he has been honored, the

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Dr. W. T. G. Morton

American who made the earlier and far greater discovery [of anæsthesia] still sleeps 'unthought of in obscurity.' No statue of him has anywhere been erected, no bust of him adorns any of the halls of medicine or the hospitals, where it is due to him, to use the eloquent words of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that 'the fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever.'"

"WALKING AS A PASTIME"

Prof. Richards is of the opinion that walking is one of the most interesting, healthful and economical ways of spending a vacation, and gives a number of hints to the unexperienced.

"This mode of travel," he says, "besides being independent, has other advantages. No great preparations are needed for a trip. A vacation of a few days can be utilized by a man's swinging his pack on his back, and going off into the country. Owing to the continual change of abiding-place, in three days, it often seems as if the traveller had been absent a week. Another advantage is the light expense. In all other travelling trips the cost of mere locomotion is a great item. * * * The greatest advantage is the tonic effect on the body and mind. This is due to the freedom from care, and to the natural life—the continual exercise in the open air, which stimulates the appetite, and causes a great demand for food. * * * The stimulating action on the skin, by the constant flushing of the pores in consequence of the exercise, and the baths required to keep one clean, bring into a state of

healthy activity a part of one's system generally neglected by those living sedentary lives. * * * Then, too, fatigue brings good sleep. Thus, with exercise, good food, free perspiration in fresh air and plenty of sleep, a man takes nature's best tonics. * * * There are certain particulars in the care of the person, both on the tramp and after the walk of the day is over, the advantages of which I was long in learning. In the first place, on a long tramp I make it a principle to start out early, never doing more than twenty miles the first day."

A RECEIPT FOR CONVERSATION

Th. Bentzon, writing of "Conversation in France," says of Mme de de Girardin's salon:—

"She has given in a humorous way very good receipts for conversation:—First of all, the quality of talkers; secondly, the harmony of their minds; and thirdly, a propitious arrangement of the furniture." "An amusing conversation," she says, "cannot start if the chairs are arranged symmetrically. The disposition of a drawing-room must be like that of an English garden—apparent disorder, which is not the effect of chance, but, on the contrary, of consummate art, the result of fortunate combinations. In a symmetrically furnished drawing-room, it is only at the end of the evening, when the furniture has against its will yielded to the necessities of society, that enjoyment begins. You just begin to amuse yourself, when it becomes necessary to take leave." "And remember," she adds, "that good talkers hate idleness, the most witty men hardly know what to say when they harmoniously hold their hats in their hands; they must have some valuable things to finger, and help them keep countenance—dainty scissors or pen-knife, a golden chain, a jeweled smelling-bottle. The more you scatter trifles and baubles in your salon, the less nonsense there will be in conversation. But before anything," she recommends, "let yourself go; do not think of yourself; forget the talent you may have."

"THE CLOSING CENTURY"

Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard contributes this sonnet:—

"As one who, roused from sleep, hears far away
The closing strokes of some cathedral bell
Tolling the hour, strives all in vain to tell
If denser grows the night, or pales the day—
So we, roused to life's brief existence, say
(We on whose waking falls a century's knell),
Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fell
And solemn midnight, or the morning gray?
We stir, then sleep again—a little sleep!
(Howbeit undisturbed by another's ring!)
For though, measured with time, a century
Is but a vanished hour tolled on the deep,
Yet what is time itself? 'T is but a swing
Of the vast pendulum of eternity."

"Harper's Monthly"

THIS NUMBER opens with an article on "Old Monmouth," by Julian Ralph; two other papers on travel and sport are "Up the Norway Coast," by George Card Pease, and "Stubbles and Slough in Dakota," by Frederic Remington. Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson describes "A Few Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms," illustrating his article himself, of course, and Mr. Howells concludes his "First Visit to New England." The number is especially strong in fiction. Mr. Du Maurier brings "Trilby" to a close, and Mr. Warner contributes the second instalment of "The Golden House." There are six complete short stories: "The Editor's Story," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Serenade of Siskiyou," by Owen Wister; "Heimweh," by Elsie S. Nordhoff; "Step-Brothers to Dives," by Louise Betts Edwards; "The Inn of San Jacinto," by Zoe Dana Underhill; and "A Vista in Central Park," another of Mr. Brander Matthews's Vignettes of Manhattan. The story introducing the Editor's Drawer is "A Possible Improbability," by Thomas A. Janvier. Mr. George W. Smalley contributes some interesting "Chapters of Journalism," and there are four poems: two "Sea Ballads," by Alfred Perceval Graves; "North and South from the Brooklyn Bridge," by Marjorie Wilcox, and "Kinship," by Charles C. D. Roberts. Mr. Warner writes of the "The American Spirit," "Vulgarity in Fiction" and "A Memorial to George William Curtis," in the Editor's Study. The illustrations are by W. T. Smedley, Victor Bernstrom, Du Maurier, Thulstrup, Harry Fenn, T. V. Chominski, C. D. Graves, Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Peter S. Newell and others.

MR. HOWELLS AND HAWTHORNE

Mr. Howells gives an account of his conversation with Hawthorne that is among the best things in this interesting series of papers:—

"He asked me about Lowell, I dare say," he commences, "for I told him of my joy in meeting him and Dr. Holmes, and this seemed greatly to interest him. Perhaps because he was so lately from Europe, where our great men are always seen through the wrong end of the telescope, he appeared surprised at my devotion,



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and asked me whether I cared as much for meeting them as I should care for meeting the famous English authors. I professed that I cared much more, though whether this was true, I now have my doubts, and I think Hawthorne doubted it at the time. But he said nothing in comment, and went on to speak generally of Europe and America. He was curious as to the West, which he seemed to fancy much more purely American, and said he would like to see some part of the country on which the shadow, or, if I must be precise, the damned shadow of Europe had not fallen."

EMERSON IN 1860

Mr. Howells concludes his account of his "First Visit to New England" with descriptions of his meetings with Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau. He got on best with the first, and worst with Thoreau, who "sat against one wall," with Mr. Howells against the other, and "remained in a dreamy muse, which all my attempts * * * seemed only to deepen upon him." He draws the following striking picture of Emerson:—

"I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the doorstep below him. He would then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiselled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth * * *. It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellow-men after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bide

his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the byword of the poor paragrapher. * * * but we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not be matter of wonder that twenty years before his death he was the most misunderstood man in America. * * * I do not know in just what sort he made me welcome, but I am aware of sitting with him in his study or library, and of his presently speaking of Hawthorne, whom I probably celebrated as I best could, and whom he praised."

BERGEN

Mr. George Card Pease gives the following description of the Northern fishing-centre:—

"The steamers leave England in the afternoon, arriving at Bergen early in the morning of the second day out. * * * In and out among the rocks you go, until finally you pass between two mountain islands, and the city of Bergen, resting at the water's edge among mountains of bold rock from one thousand to two thousand feet high, is before you. When I arrived in Bergen it was only two o'clock in the morning in July, and yet day was breaking in on the city, and it had not been dark all night. * * * The atmosphere of all the Norway fishing-towns is one of peace and liberty. Bergen is the centre of the fishing industry of the country, and thrives mainly on this industry. * * * The Norway fish and Norwegian fishermen and sailor-men are Norway's greatest gifts of to-day. * * * The cod-fishing industry alone yielded about \$7,000,000 last year from a catch of 63,000,000 fish. In Bergen everything is fish. Fish are traded for boots and jack-knives. An article is worth 'two cod' or 'four herring,' and if a trade cannot be made any other way, a few salmon are 'thrown in.' There is a school there where the science of fishing is taught. Everything possible is done to keep alive the fishing interest, and no stone is left unturned to increase the catch each season. * * * The fishing is controlled by the government, regularly appointed officials being present at the various fishing-stations to settle all disputes between the fishermen, and to give advice upon the best methods of preparing the fish."

A MEMORIAL TO CURTIS

Mr. Warner speaks of the proposed memorial to George William Curtis as follows:—

"And the suggestion of it comes not so much from the necessity of any device to keep his memory green as a means of inspiring in the present and coming generations a love for the high-mindedness and the civic virtues which his whole career illustrated. To stand for principle without bitterness, for good manners without affectation, for democracy without demagogism, for amenity in letters and in politics without surrender of vital purity, and to preserve the enthusiasm of youth for high ideals in society and in the state in the midst of a growing sophistication and materialism, was the mission of this chivalric soul, this American of a purer type, this just and calm citizen whose heart burned with love for his country. It is in recognition of this noble example that over four hundred of the representative men and women of America * * * have united in requesting the Curtis Memorial Committee to emphasize the lesson of his life in some fitting way. The plan agreed upon, as one comparatively inexpensive, and so in accord with his own taste, is the foundation of a perpetual lectureship in connection with some of our universities, and the placing of a portrait bust somewhere in the city of New York. * * * The theme of the lectures would always be good citizenship, the civic virtues, republican principles, patriotism, the fundamental and high ideals of a free people in questions of public interest. * * * It is the expectation of the memorial committee that the response to this appeal for twenty-five thousand dollars will be spontaneous, and in many cases liberal; but it will be exceedingly appropriate if the subscription is a popular one, and includes any, the least, sums that affection for the man or sympathy with his life work and character may prompt. Any sum, therefore, large or small, will be equally welcome if sent to William L. Trenholm, Esq., the treasurer of the committee, 160 Broadway, New York city."

"Lippincott's Magazine"

THE COMPLETE NOVEL in this number is "Sweetheart Manette," by Maurice Thompson. Thomas Stinson Jarvis discusses "Feminine Phases"; Charles Henry Webb deals with "Uncared-for Cats"; Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood gives some reminiscences of

"Washington Before the War"; Mary Elizabeth Blake writes on "Muscles and Morals"; George Grantham Bain on "Newspaper 'Faking,'" and Will Clemens on "Chinese Shops" and their peculiar signs. Louise Stockton's "Mess of Pottage" is concluded, and there are short stories by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, Kate Lee Ashley, Charles McIlvaine and Johanna Staats. The poetry is by Margaret Gilman George, Dora Read Goodale, Fannie Bent Dillingham and Prof. John B. Tabb.

ARLINGTON

"The name of Custis," says Mrs. Sherwood in her article on "Washington before the War," reminds me of a series of visits to Arlington.

"I had the honor and pleasure," she continues, "to be taken there by Mrs. Sigourney, one of our New England celebrities, whom we all worshipped. Literary ladies were not so common then as now, and they were far more honored. Mrs. Sigourney was a plain Puritan, but she had a great deal of natural tact, and somehow had a fascination for the Southerners. I remember that we drove to Arlington one sunny afternoon late in May, a delicious day, and we found the ladies, Mrs. Custis and Mrs. Lee, expecting us. We had tea in the Washington teacups, and Mrs. Lee took me into the tangled, neglected gardens, full of rose-buds, and allowed me to pick my fill of the sweet, dainty Bon Silence variety, which she told me blossomed all winter. What a view that was! The view is there still; the rest, how fearfully changed! Mrs. Lee had the face of a genius: a wealth of dark hair, carelessly put up, gave her fine head the air of one of Romney's portraits. She was most lovely and sympathetic. Her mother, Mrs. Custis, was a woman full of character. One of her admirers said she was 'all virtue, but with not even a virtue to excess.' George Washington Parke Custis was an oddity, an eccentric. He had a talent for painting, and had covered his walls with his own work."

"WAKENED"

Margaret Gilman George's poem runs as follows:—

"A faint blue sky, where drowsy clouds are drifting,
A faint warm breeze that fains the languid trees,
Pale sunlight through the satin poplars sifting:
Quiet I lie, as if a part of these.

I see the full-blown, waning lilacs bending
Beneath the clumsy kissing of the bee,
And faded butterflies, their last days ending,
Drinking the clustered sweetness tremblingly.

The pallid blue-bells doze and droop, to waken
All dazzled by a humming-bird's bright breast:
Like some wild dream he leaves them wan and shaken,
Then, passing, lets them sink again to rest.

O thought of love, that waked me from my dreaming,
Wild, fiery thought that burns in heart and brain,
Follow those wings in soft-whirled splendor gleaming—
Oh, follow them—and let me sleep again."

CHINESE SIGN-BOARDS

"It is most laughable," says Mr. Will Clemens, "to read the various sign-boards hanging in straight rows outside the shop doors. For instance, outside a vile, filthy opium den, passers-by are informed that it is the 'Delightful Abode of Virtue and Happiness.'

"But these fine flowery sentences mean nothing, even to the Mongol mind, for the 'Delightful Abode of Virtue,' etc., is a small hell upon earth, where men and boys are ruined from their early days, and the abode of 'Ten Thousand Happinesses' is a place full of dirt and vermin, with earth floors, unclean food, and unwashed waiters. Outside your paper windows are the pigs, asses, and mules to keep you well awake during the night. Therefore I venture to predict ten thousand miseries for the first European seeking happiness in this direction. John Chinaman is both shrewd and prudent. Two maxims will explain this clearly: 'If you do not expend a little money in the entertainment of your customers, you will get none'; and 'A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.' Bad trade is expressed by the phrase 'selling a couple of cucumbers in three days.' 'You cannot trade without some capital' is, literally, 'You must have a couple of grains of rice in order to catch fowls.' 'To lend without prospect of repayment' is 'To throw a fleshy bone at a dog.' 'Each man to his calling' may be understood by 'The priest reverts to his monastery and the merchant to his shop.' By these examples one may judge how full the Chinese are of quaint business expressions."

"McClure's Magazine"

STEPHEN CRANE describes, in the August *McClure's*, life and work "In the Depths of a Coal Mine," the article being illustrated by Corwin K. Linson. S. H. M. Byers, the author of "Sherman's March to the Sea," relates "Some Personal Recollections of General Sherman"; Dr. Conan Doyle discourses of his "First Book" and some others that followed it; Iqr. Washington Gladden reviews Prof. Drummond's "Ascent of Man"; and T. J. Mackey records "The Bravest Deed of the War." "The Break-Up of the Soho Anarchist League" is a story by Robert Barr, and there are three others, "The Death Run," by Cy Warman, "The Mistress of the Foundry," by Earl Joslyn, and "The Doctors of Hoyland," by A. Conan Doyle. "In Advance of the Circus," by C. T. Murray, contains information about the advance agent's duties, and the Human Documents consist of series of pictures of Louise Chandler Moulton and James A. Garfield.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

The portrait "from an early miniature" reproduced here from the Human Documents is the first of a series of four. Mrs. Moulton "began her literary career at the exceptionally early age



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of fifteen," according to the biographical note accompanying the pictures. She lives in Boston, but has spent many years in Europe, especially in Paris and London, whence she wrote letters for American newspapers. She is most widely known, however, as a poet.

"SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA"

Mr. Byers wrote his famous war-song while a prisoner in Andersonville. He made his escape after several unsuccessful attempts, and thus describes his meeting with Gen. Sherman:—

"As Sherman entered Columbia at noon that 17th of February, 1865, riding at the head of his sixty thousand victorious veterans, a soldier ran up to him, and told him the author of the song had escaped from prison, and was standing near by, on the steps of a house. He halted the whole column, while he motioned me to come out, and warmly shook my hand, 'Tell all the prisoners who have escaped,' said he, 'to come to me at camp to-night. I want to do something for all of them. They must be made comfortable.' I did not go to the General's headquarters that night. I was ashamed to go in all my rags. * * * I went to friends in my old brigade the next day after the burning of the city, but to my surprise General Sherman sent an officer to hunt me up and bring me to headquarters. * * * Our meeting, unimportant in itself, showed the simplicity and character of Sherman. It was in the woods. * * * I found him sitting on a campstool by a low rail fire. He was looking over some papers. 'This is Adjutant Byers,' said the officer. The General dropped his papers, stepped right over the fire with his long legs, and seized me by the hand. 'I want to thank you for your song,' he said, 'and I want you to tell me how you, there in prison, got hold of all that I was doing. You hit it splendidly.'"

DR. DOYLE'S FIRST BOOK

The creator of Sherlock Holmes started early in his career:—

"I was six at the time, and have a very distinct recollection of the achievement. It was written, I remember, upon foolscap paper, in what might be called a fine bold hand—four words to the line, and was illustrated by marginal pen-and-ink sketches by the author. There was a man in it, and there was a tiger. I forget which was the hero, but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the Romantics. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that way-farer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. 'It is very easy to get people into scrapes, and very hard to get them out again,' I remarked, and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger. There is an old family bureau with secret drawers, in which lie little locks of hair tied up in circles, and black silhouettes and dim daguerreotypes and letters which seem to have been written in the lightest of straw-colored inks. Somewhere there lies my primitive manuscript, where my tiger, like a many-hooped barrel with a tail to it, still envelopes the hapless stranger whom he has taken in."

"The Forum"

THE AUGUST *Forum* opens with four papers on "Sentimental Dealing with Crime, and Its World-wide Increase": "Principles Involved in the Recent Strike," by D. McG. Means; "Punishment of Anarchists and Others," by Henry Holt; "Criminal Degradation of New York Citizenship," by John Brooks Leavitt, and "The Increase of Crime and Positivist Criminology," by Henry Charles Lea. Isaac L. Rice discusses "Legalized Plunder of Railroad Property" and its remedy; Hamlin Garland speaks of "Productive Conditions of American Literature"; Sylvester Baxter explains to Mr. Godkin and doubters generally "How the Bills of Socialism Will Be Paid"; there are two papers on "Laboratory Mind-Study—the Beginnings of a New Science": "The New Psychology as a Basis of Education," by President G. Stanley Hall, and "Methods of Laboratory Mind-Study," by Prof. E. W. Scripture. Mr. Price Collier studies "Englishmen: How They Spend Their Money," and H. K. Carroll gives some information about "The Pay of Preachers."

THE MINISTRY

Mr. H. K. Carroll, in discussing "The Pay of Preachers," thus sums up the advantages and disadvantages of the ministry as a profession:—

"From these facts it will be seen that there are some very desirable clerical incomes. Ministers receiving from \$5,000 to \$15,000 in salary are in most cases able to add a considerable sum from the proceeds of lectures, from wedding and other fees, and also from bequests. Then there is the annual vacation of from one to three months when, free from the cares that the merchant and most other business-men cannot shake off, the minister can spend his summer in the mountains, at the seashore, or in Europe. The position, with its honors and emoluments, is a tempting one, notwithstanding the worry, the anxieties and the burdens which are the preacher's lot for nine or ten or eleven months in the year. The young man who enters the ministry, however, cannot be sure of getting one of the prizes. Many an able, well-educated minister must content himself with a salary of \$500 a year, barely sufficient for the most pressing necessities of his family, with no margin for the education of his children. There are, of course, many lawyers and doctors and teachers who have to pinch and to pinch to make a meagre income fit a larger need. I suppose it is generally agreed that teaching commands the poorest pay of all the professions. The average preacher is much better off, I should say, than the average teacher; and a preacher with a small income has more chances of comfort than a lawyer or a physician in similar circumstances. The minister gets his half-fare on the railroad, his percentage of discount at the store, his low rate for the college-expenses of his children, his free tickets to the occasional entertainment. These are helps; yet on the other hand his opportunities for giving are larger than his opportunities for saving. Few even of those who are well paid accumulate anything. They are as a class the most liberal of men."

PROF. LOMBROSO

"That some change in the treatment of the criminal classes is a vital necessity admits of no doubt," says Mr. Henry Charles Lea,

in his article on "The Increase of Crime," "and, with the scientific and materialistic tendencies of the time, it is no wonder that the attempt should be made to solve the problem scientifically.

"Lombroso's 'Delinquent Man,' of which the first edition appeared in 1876, may be regarded as the foundation of what is known as positivist criminology. By the personal examination of innumerable criminals he identified certain physical peculiarities and anomalies, which he claims to be diagnostic of the born criminal—the man who is by nature irreclaimable and who may be regarded from the start as hopelessly incorrigible. Of these the chief are lack of symmetry of skull or face, certain peculiarities of ears, hands and feet, scantiness or absence of beard, nervous contractions of the face, prognathism, inequalities of the iris, twisting of the nose or absence of the bridge, retreating forehead, excessive length of face, prominence of cheek-bones, dark color of hair and eyes, while white hair and baldness are rare. He lays great stress, moreover, on tattooing—a practice which he regards as exceedingly symptomatic of criminal tendencies; and from these various external characteristics it is claimed that three types of criminals may be distinguished, the murderous, the violent, and the thieving. For all this there may well be some foundation of truth, but far less than is asserted by the discoverer and his disciples. In fact, the character of Lombroso's mind is the reverse of scientific: he is imaginative and enthusiastic; and his definitions are so elastic that in one book he classes Charlotte Corday with Ravallac, Guiteau and the regicides as an example of hereditary degeneration, while in another he groups her with Paoli, Garibaldi, Gambetta, Marx, Lassalle and the Christian martyrs."

"The Popular Science Monthly"

PROF. JOHN DEWEY devotes a serious and notable article to "The Chaos in Moral Training"; M. G. Garde studies mobs and mob violence in "Human Aggregation and Crime"; Prof. E. S. Morse considers "The Distribution of Government Publications"; J. Jones Bell describes the tunnel under the St. Clair River, in "The Story of a Great Work"; E. A. Le Sueur makes "A Proposition for an Artificial Isthmus" between Scotland and Ireland; Prof. Fernando Sanford explains the scientific impossibility of "Rain-making"; Frank M. Chapman describes "The Nocturnal Migration of Birds"; Prof. C. M. Weed adds an interesting chapter to our knowledge of insects in "A Family of Water Kings"; Mrs. Louise E. Hogan gives some advice concerning "Milk for Babies"; Lazare Weiller describes a recent triumph in "The Photography of Colors"; George Iles writes on "Nature as Drama and Engineering"; Prof. D. W. Herring gives some "Modern Views and Problems of Physics"; George Pouchet writes of "Form and Life"; H. Littlewood treats of "Accuracy in Observation," with special reference to young physicians; and there is a biographical sketch, with portrait, of W. Mattieu Williams, author of "The Chemistry of Cookery," etc. There is a letter on "Weismann's Concessions," and the editor speaks of "Man and Woman" and "The Meaning of Dynamite."

THE CHARACTER OF MOBS

"Instances in any number might be cited," says M. G. Tarde, "to illustrate how an excited multitude, even when the majority of it are persons of intelligence, has always something in it partaking both of the puerile and the bestial: of the puerile in the mobility of its humor, in its quick passage from rage to outbursts of laughter; of the bestial in its brutality.

"It is cowardly, too," he continues, "even when composed of individuals of average courage. It is hard to conceive to what extent mobs and unorganized, undisciplined collections of men in general, are more mobile, more forgetful, more credulous, and more cruel than the greater part of their elements; but the proofs of the fact are abundant. In the collective mind images succeed one another incoherently, as they do in the brain of a sleeping or a hypnotized man: while most of the individual minds which compose it, and which concur in forming that great folly called opinion, are capable of consecutiveness and order in the arrangement of their ideas. M. Delbœuf tells of a poor German, just arrived at Liège, who followed the crowd to the scene of a dynamite explosion. Some one, seeing him run a little faster than the others, pointed him out as the guilty person, and the whole mob was ready to cut him to pieces. Yet that mob was composed of the best society of the place, attending a concert; and gentlemen could be heard calling for a revolver with which to kill recklessly an unhappy man of whose nationality, name and crime they knew nothing. When the cholera was raging in Paris in 1832, the

report spread through the city rapidly that the disease was the work of poisoners, who, the people were brought to believe, were tampering with food, wells and wines. Immense multitudes assembled in the public places, and every man who was seen carrying a bottle, or a vial, or a small package, was in imminent danger of his life; the mere possession of a flask was sufficient evidence to convict, in the eyes of the delirious multitude; and many fell victims to its rage."

MEN AND WOMEN

"If the human race is to endure, and if civilization is to advance," it is said in the Editor's Table, "the relations between the sexes must not permanently be relations of rivalry. Men and women were not made to struggle with one another for the advantages of life, but mutually to aid one another in reaping those advantages.

"What it is clear that man has to do in these later days is to frame to himself a higher and completer ideal of manhood than he has hitherto, on the whole, entertained, and try to live up to it. The awakened womanhood of the age—when allowance has been made for all that is hysterical and morbid and heartless in contemporary feminine utterances—summons him most clearly and distinctly to walk henceforth on higher levels in the strength of a nobler self-control. Then he has to recognize in the fullest sense, without a particle of reservation, that he has in woman not a weaker shadow of himself, not a reflection of his glory, nor a minister to his pleasures, but a divinely bestowed helpmeet, to whom special powers and faculties have been imparted for the interpretation of truth and the beautifying of life. The ancient Germans, Tacitus tells us, used to recognize a certain divine power of intuition in their women, and if they did it was probably not without cause. The phenomenon is not an extinct one in our own day, and we venture to say that its frequency will wax or wane according to the respect paid not by man only, but by woman herself, to all in her nature that is most distinctive of womanhood. It is far from certain that woman always recognizes what her own gifts are; and there is, in our opinion, a specific danger lest, in her new-born zeal for a masculine equipment of knowledge, she relegate to an inferior place that native truth of perception which is of more importance, we may almost say, than all formal knowledge."

"The North American Review"

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR opens this number with an article on "The Resources and Development of the South"; Charles H. Cramp considers the "Sea Power of the United States" past and to come; the Argentine Minister writes of "Civil Wars in South America"; Senator William V. Allen considers the question of "How to Purify Legislation"; Jules Claretie has some reminiscences of his contemporaries; and "The Lesson of the Recent Strikes" is discussed by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A., the Hon. Wade Hampton and Samuel Compers. The Rt. Hon. Sir John E. Gorst, M.P., writes of "English Workmen and their Political Friends"; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop replies to the President of the A. P. A. and to Bishop Doane in "Catholic Loyalty"; the Hon. Hannis Taylor compares "The House of Representatives and the House of Commons"; Catherine B. Selden lays down some rules for "Summer Visitors" and their hosts; and Mark Twain continues his "Defence of Harriet Shelley." The Marquis of Lorne makes out "A Case for Free Import"; Kate Gannett Wells writes of "Too Many Children" and pauperism; and Gen. Rush C. Hawkins pays tribute to the late President Carnot."

THIERS AND SARDOU

M. Claretie relates the following bright anecdote:—

"As Sardou was paying to M. Thiers, then President of the Republic, the customary visit of a candidate for the Academy, he astonished the historian of the Consulate and of Europe by speaking to him of the transformation of the modern theatre through the spirit which the new writers have infused into it by the correctness and wealth of details. 'I have stopped at the comedies of M. Scribe,' said M. Thiers. 'Monsieur le Président, have you stopped at the furniture of the time of Louis Philippe?' replied Sardou. 'No,' and he looked around him. 'Have you stopped at the classic grouping of furniture round the chimney-piece, as in the time of Madame Récamier?' 'No!' 'There are arm-chairs in the middle of your room, some near the fire-place, some little stools, a sort of very pretty ordered disorder, which permits of conversation springing up in all the corners, giving an animation to the room which it had not when the older arrangement of furniture gave it a clas-

sic aspect. And what variety in the draperies! That Japanese silk beside the Louis XV. table, that Chinese screen before the white Marie Antoinette chair, copied from the model of Trianon! Diversity is the aim of the modern furnisher. One does not want rigidity any more, but contrast; and our furniture, like our actions, is always significant. In that respect our comedians of to-day differ from those of the time of M. Scribe. M. Scribe put a sofa at each end of the stage and invariably a table in the centre. We put stands in all the corners, small furniture everywhere, and the table where it suits us. M. Thiers was singularly interested with this little lecture given with all kinds of picturesque gestures. He smiled and said to Victorien Sardou:—"I understand now, my dear *confrère*, why Molière was so good an author. He had been an upholsterer." Those words 'My dear *confrère*' were in effect a promise that the statesman's vote would be given to Sardou. M. Thiers, in fact, voted for him."

SIMPLE RULES FOR SUMMER VISITORS

Catherine B. Selden lays down a few rules for the guidance of thoughtless guests and distracted hosts. To the visitor she says:—

"Avoid looking as if you expected some novel entertainment every moment. In other words banish from your face the 'What next?' expression and go at the appointed time, not with an injured and aggrieved air, but with the countenance of one who has had good measure at least, even if it has not been pressed down or is not running over. Absent yourself in your own room or out of doors a part of each day. Now every man and woman should have either some duty or pleasure which makes it necessary for their own well-being to withdraw themselves at least for a part of each day from the companionship and the presence of others. They should affect an occupation if they have it not, and invent an excuse, if necessary, for leaving those about them to seek the refreshment of solitude and system work. For a visitor to be *en evidence* from nine in the morning until eleven at night is too exhausting to the mental resources of any but the most gifted of mortals. There are few who can stand the test of so reckless a demand upon the wealth of the spirit; and such devitalizing practices can only be in harmony with the lives of those who lead an utterly purposeless and wasteful existence. It is the disregard of this feeling which sometimes makes the life of the hostess a state of bondage, so that missing her natural freedom, her hospitable motive is quenched; not from any failing on her part, but from the lack of consideration on the part of others. Every right-minded woman is prepared to give her guests the best that is in her, but she should not be expected to be 'on tap' as it were, all of the time."

"The Pall Mall Magazine"

THE SUMMER NUMBER (August) contains poems by Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the late Hon. Roden Noel, Norman Gale, E. T. Lynes and Christian Burke; "Blenheim and its Memories," by the Duke of Marlborough; "Lord Carlisle's Reminiscences," by Lord Ronald Gower; "Anarchism, Old and New," by Dr. Karl Blind; "Copenhagen, and Other Famous Battle Horses," by Archibald Forbes; and "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon," by Lord Wolseley. Percy Reeve has an amusing story, "Revelations of a Shirt Cuff"; Howard Pease tells the story of a ghost in "Mine Host the Cardinal"; Beatrice Kipling has a tale of India, "The Little Pink House"; Lady Gwendolin Cecil tells of "The Little Ray"; and Mr. W. W. Astor gives his revised version of the story of Joseph's coat—not the one of many colors, but the later one—in "Rui the Priest." "The Golden Scytheman," by Henry Herman; "Monkey Language," by Bill Nye; and the continuation of Stockton's "Pomona's Travels" complete the number, which is lavishly illustrated.

PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON

Dr. Karl Blind thus characterizes the French agitator's style:—"In his numerous works, Proudhon was in the habit of startling his readers by apparently irrefutable, merciless logic, which by turns disposed of all systems of political economy, dissolving everything in pure negations. He posed as a Titanic Mephistophelian character, full of corrosive irony, and at the same time of a learnedness which to the lay-world seemed to be perfectly abysmal. Sometimes he broke out into a high-flown poetical prose. He put all kinds of ingredients into his witches' caldron: the philosophy of Hegel; the caustic wit of Voltaire; the manners of a prophet who adorns his speech with Latin Bible quotations from

the Vulgate; vague allusions to David Strauss and Feuerbach, as well as to the mystics of the Middle Ages. This style was a most unusual one in France. Its mixture of Nibelung-like grimness, of scornful satire, and of seemingly deep speculation, passing as highly original, made a great stir. The Comtesse d'Agout thinks she sees in it the "true Gallic spirit." But if the question of race were to be discussed in this connection, might we not rather say that in Proudhon there beat also a vein of that stubborn character of the men of his native Franche Comté, where those Burgundians had once settled, whose very name indicates their reckless Berserk love of incessant strife? Be that as it may, he was a passed master in confusing and confounding public opinion. Not minding the contradictions in which he became continually involved by his unscrupulous and slashing literary warfare, he, during the years of Revolution, came out every day with some fresh, startling criticism, thus diabolically driving his disciples round and round in an endless circle-dance. Among the population at large his name was pronounced with a kind of terror, which made the timid long for the advent of a stable and energetic government."

Magazine Notes

THE FRONTISPIECE of the August *Review of Reviews* is a portrait of Lord Russell, the new Lord Chief Justice of England. Among the other illustrations are portraits of the late and the new Presidents of the French Republic, the German Emperor, the late Lord Coleridge, Eugene V. Debs, J. R. Sovereign, George M. Pullman and Senator C. K. Davis, and views of Pullman and the new *Cosmopolitan* building at Irvington. The recent railroad strike is, of course, exhaustively treated, and in connection with it there are studies of the Pullman establishment and the future of labor. The restriction of immigration, the assassination of Carnot and the election of Casimir-Périer, political affairs in Austria and the English Budget are also among the topics considered in the *Progress of the World*. "The Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Leader of the Canadian Liberal Party," by W. B. Wallace, is followed by articles on "Canada's Political Condition" and "Toronto as a Municipal Object-Lesson." "Sir George Dibbs," Premier of New South Wales, is the subject of an article, with several portraits, by J. Tighe Ryan; and "Labor Troubles: Hints of New Remedies from the Antipodes," by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, is timely. Mr. Reeves is the Minister of Labor of New Zealand.

The *New England Magazine* opens with a poem, "Haying" by Richard Burton; Frank T. Robinson has an article on "The Quaint North Shore," where is laid the scene of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells's story, "Another's Child"; Mrs. Higginson has a poem on "The White Dunes"; Neil McLeod writes of Prince Edward Island, his article being illustrated with numerous portraits; Helen Knowlton has an illustrated article on William Morris Hunt, the American painter; Miss Bacon writes on "A Southern Normal School," and Joseph L. Harrison on "The Public Library Movement in the United States." The Rev. Edward Everett Hale studies the importance of "The New England Congregational Churches" in American history, and the Rev. Charles G. Ames's lecture "Boston—the City of God," one of a series on "A More Beautiful Public Life," delivered in that city, has been reprinted. "A Castle of Ice," Dorothy Prescott's story, is continued, and there is another story, "Araminta Passmore's Wrestle with Philosophy," by Lillie Chase Wyman. There are several poems and an editorial article on "Historical Pilgrimages."

Thy Songs and Mine

SING THOU my songs for me when I am dead!
Soul of my soul, some day thou wilt awake
To see the morning on the hilltops break,
And the far summits flame with rosy red,—
But I shall wake not, though above my head
Armies should thunder; nor for Love's sweet sake,
Though he the tenderest pilgrimage should make
Where I am lying in my grassy bed.
I shall be silent, with my song half sung;
I shall be dumb, with half the story told;
I shall be mute, leaving the half unsaid.
Take thou the harp ere yet it be unstrung—
Wake thou the lyre ere yet its chords be cold—
Sing thou my songs, and thine, when I am dead!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

The Lounger

A RECENT ISSUE OF *The Princeton College Bulletin* reproduces as its frontispiece the beautiful medal which is an annual gift to Whig Hall for a Senior debate on some topic of contemporary French politics. The medal is a work of art of the highest quality, designed by the sculptor O. Roty, and engraved and struck by A. Desai de Paris. The obverse shows a laurel-crowned female head, symbolic of the French Republic. On the reverse, within a wreath composed of oak and laurel, is inscribed "French Medal, Pierre de Coubertin Fund," and outside of this, "American Whig Society, Princeton University." The donor is Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a young gentleman who has travelled in this country in behalf of the French Government to inspect and report upon the condition of athletics in our colleges, and who is exerting an appreciable influence in France by his writings for the *Temps*, the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue Bleue*, his aim being to promote the practice of athletics and the maintenance of a purer moral standard amongst his young compatriots. He is an honorary member of Whig Hall, where his medal was won this year, by James Shaw Campbell of Pennsylvania.

Harper's Weekly gives an account of the song "Ben Bolt," which might almost be said to be one of the characters in Du Maurier's "Trilby." It is the song which the heroine of that much-read story sings so abominably at the beginning of the book, and so divinely toward the close of it, but which a little later on she sings in her old manner again, and is accordingly hooted off the stage in London. It seems that in 1843 Dr. Thomas Dunn English (now a Member of Congress from New Jersey) was asked by N. P. Willis to write a sea-song for *The New Mirror*, which Willis and George P. Morris had just galvanized into life from the corpse of *The New York Mirror*. Though Willis thought a good deal of the song, the author himself had a poor opinion of it. He thought it would be improved by a musical setting, but the musicians told him the lines were not fitted for music—all of the musicians except one, Mr. Dominic H. May of Washington, who made an air that has not survived. English himself did the same thing. In 1846 a hanger-on of the Pittsburgh Theatre gave a young man named Nelson F. Kneass a garbled version of the words of the song, which he had found in an English newspaper, and Kneass set the thing to music and sang it in a play called "The Battle of Buena Vista." The piece travelled with him all over the country, "was picked up by all the minstrel troupes, went to Australia and the Sandwich Isles, and wherever the English language was spoken, was sung in London, and had all kinds of parodies and replies among the street ballads of that city." It is said that 60,000 copies of the music were sold by Peters. Half-a-dozen other settings were published, but none of them had the popularity of Kneass's air, which was adapted from a German melody, the original of which was afterwards published with the same words. The song has had as many claimants as "Beautiful Snow." Hunt was one of them. The headstone of Kneass's grave at Chillicothe credits the authorship to the singer that sleeps beneath it. It has also been attributed to Caleb Dunn, and even to Thomas Campbell. As the *Weekly* observes, the recent publication of a private collection of some of Dr. English's poems contributes to the timely interest of this account of the song, which Du Maurier has made more famous even than it was before.

"THE SPRING AND SUMMER here have been delightful," writes a poet and prosier who has recently made his home in a mountainous part of the South. "In the woods and along the streams the mountain-laurels have succeeded to the azaleas, and the rhododendrons to the laurels, each in turn strewing the paths of the advancing year with the loveliest blossoms. The rhododendrons were especially beautiful; some were pure white, others white with pink edges, pink buds, and a pale tint of the same color faintly blushing underneath the white—this effect being more noticeable at a little distance—while all are marked on one petal with a green tree-shaped design, which resembles embroidery. The wild strawberries have been followed by the raspberries. A dish of either of these, eaten with sugar and plenty of rich cream from one's own Jersey cow, with a slice of home-made brown bread and fresh butter made by a neat-handed Phyllis—in this case Phyllis is my wife—is fit for Lucullus himself. The mountains and changing clouds and waving woods are always with us, and we never grow tired of watching them. My wife rides and drives to her heart's content; and once or twice we have taken a trip for a couple of days at a time to some of the famous bits of mountain scenery that lie

within easy reach." And all this to a man who has spent the summer in town, with only an occasional Sunday up the Hudson, or on the shores of the Sound!

I PRINT (with names omitted) a paragraph which has come to *The Critic* with this request, over the author's (type-written) signature:—"Will Editor please notice the enclosed as a Literary News Item?"

"Mrs. ———, author of '———,' etc., and Editor of that recent national work, '———'; in recognition of which Mrs. ——— has been the recipient of many flattering letters from eminent persons, in this country and in foreign lands, notably Queen Victoria, and Queen Marguerite of Italy, and Lady Henry Somerset, of England, has recently contributed a short Prize Story to the *New York* ———, entitled: '———.' This thrilling story depicts in graphic style the temptations which beset the modern author to cater to the debased public taste in literature. The hero of the story, finding his moral writings unavailable, succumbs to the alluring temptation of gaining fame and fortune by realistic portrayals of crime and vice. His remorseful horror as he views in a dream the awful results of such pernicious books in the wrecked lives of men and women, and his triumphant sacrifice for conscience sake, which is founded upon a true incident which occurred in England, are described with telling force by Mrs. ———, and the story is a striking illustration of the direful danger lurking in the pages of many popular books."

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO. have just issued a popular edition, in one volume, of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella." The first appearance of the book in this country was in a popular edition, filling two \$1 volumes. So the American reader had the advantage of the English reader by three months and a half. This fact is interesting in connection with the attempt of Messrs. Smith and Mudie to persuade the English publisher of fiction that it would be to his interest to reduce the price of new novels to the two great circulating-libraries, charging them only 3s 6d per volume—a bare third of the published price. For this loss of revenue the publisher would, of course, make up by promptly reducing the author's royalties. These two libraries further "suggest" (very diffidently, no doubt) that no cheap edition of a novel should appear in less than a year from the first publication. In other words, the monopoly they have fattened on does not satisfy Mr. Mudie and Mr. Smith, and they propose to see if there isn't a little more to be got out of it. How long will it be before the three-volume novel system is knocked on the head in England? The day may not be near at hand, but it is surely coming.

MR. WALTER STORRS BIGELOW sends me this note from Boston:—"By quoting from a personal letter of the late Prof. Whitney's, addressed to me in November 1892, long after 'The Century Dictionary' was published, it lies in my power to answer your question of June 16, as to whether the Professor would have claimed that that dictionary, of which he was editor-in-chief, was one upon which a man might pin his faith entirely as to the pronunciation of English words, although before it was issued he had denied absolute authority on that point to Webster's, or Worcester's, or any other. * * * I asked him if this letter might be made public; and although he objected, because it was written with the freedom of a private communication, while anything for print he should consider more narrowly as regards tone and caution, I am sure his objection in no way applies to the parts quoted below, and that if he were here he would let me make this answer, in his own words—which confirm your impression of his modesty and breadth of mind.

"There is no tribunal authorized to decide whose pronunciation of English is the best; it is a matter of taste, and they who express the most confident opinion about it are the least wise. There is always a certain amount of discordance—say so many per cent., as compared with the accordance—in the utterance of even the instructed and cultured speakers of every language, especially of a language so widely spread as English. Natural causes, in their natural workings, will keep this percentage down to a reasonable figure; and probably one of these causes is the intolerance which some people have for modes of pronunciation not their own; which intolerance ought therefore to be looked upon with indulgence, tho' it is hard to have patience with those who show it. * * * When the fountain of youth is discovered, the community of confessedly best speakers of English will be found also."

WALTER PATER died suddenly at Oxford on July 30. He was born in 1839, and took his degree in 1862. *The Critic* will publish next week a review of his life and work, with a portrait and facsimile of his autograph.

Boston Letter

IT IS NOT ALWAYS that one can talk of antiquities and call it news, but at the present time, when nothing is happening in the literary world of any consequence, except the moving or improving of antiquities, one may very well devote at least a part of a letter to old-time things. Here, for instance, is a book about thirty-three hundred years old. That certainly is not new, but it is news that it has been lent to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and that the suggestion has been made for its purchase and presentation, either to the Museum or to the Harvard Semitic Museum. The "book" is the alabaster tablet exhibited at the Columbian Fair. It is supposed that the date it bears is contemporaneous with the Exodus—possibly it was written in the very year that Moses led the Egyptians out of bondage. The British Museum has its duplicate, found by George Smith some twenty years ago in the rooms of Asshur, the oldest of the capitals of Assyria. According to Prof. D. G. Lyon of Harvard, who makes the plea that this tablet be bought for Boston or Cambridge, the Babylonian and Assyrian kings buried one of these inscriptions in each of the four corners of the Temple. This particular inscription was written under the direction of King Ramman-nirari, and, besides giving his genealogy, presents a stirring appeal and a curse. The successors of Ramman-nirari are invoked to guard the tablet carefully and to restore it to its place whenever the temple is re-built. The curse calls down destruction from the gods, and especially from the mighty weather god, Ramnan, upon the man who places his own name in the place of the writer, or damages the tablet—that curse to extend also to his offspring and his land.

This kind of curse apparently does not extend to one who forgets the memory of John Harvard, if we are to believe the complaint of visitors at the old Phipps Street Burying-ground in Charlestown. They declare that the inscription on the granite shaft over the grave of the founder of Harvard College is nearly obliterated by the ravages of storm and the vandalism of relic-seekers. The original inscription read:—

"On the Twenty-Sixth Day of September, A. D. 1828,
This Stone Was Erected By The
Graduates of The University at Cambridge
In Honor of Its Founder
Who Died at Charlestown,
On the Twenty-Sixth Day of September, A. D.
1638."

On the opposite side was an inscription in Latin which may be translated as follows:—"That one who merits so much from our literary men should no longer be without a monument, however humble, the graduates of the University of Cambridge, New England, have erected this stone, nearly two hundred years after his death, in pious and perpetual remembrance of John Harvard." Now, it is said, only a half-dozen connected letters remain on the shaft. Will Emerson's inscriptive tablet, put in position last week, ultimately suffer the same neglect? The absence abroad of Judge Keys, who had the placing of the tablet in charge for the family, delayed the completion of the work at the Concord Cemetery until the latter part of this month. But at last the bronze tablet, with its quotation from Emerson's poem "The Problem" (which I gave in my letter of July 24), ornamented with five china aster rosettes and bordered by carved rustic twigs, has been placed in position. Near by are the graves of other famous people, all marked in like simplicity. Over the resting-place of Hawthorne stands a low marble, just large enough to bear his name. Around rises a hedge of *arbor-vitae*, which, in spite of the posted request against mutilation of the shrubbery, has often given up portions of its growth to the relic-hunter. In a row, on the other side of the narrow foot-path, stand five low stones, marked with initials only, "A. B. A.," "L. M. A." and the initials of the Little Women of whom Louisa Alcott wrote, while close by rises the blue granite stone over the grave of Thoreau.

While writing of monuments, I may say that the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution has suggested to the Art Commission of Boston that the Crispus Attucks monument, so long an eyesore on Boston Common, be removed to the Granary Burial-ground. They do not call the monument an "eyesore," but simply designate the Granary as a more appropriate place, since there now rest the remains of those who fell in the Boston Massacre.

In a recent letter (*The Critic*, July 21) I spoke of the late Timothy H. Carter and his early connection with the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's father in establishing a type-foundry in Boston. It appears, however, that this was not the first type-foundry in New England. Dr. Samuel A. Green, who is always alert in every

historical question, has looked up the matter, and finds in the Boston *Evening Post* of Monday, Aug. 28, 1769, the following record, which, I think, will interest all students of the history of book-making:—

"We are informed that Mr. Isaac Doolittle, Clock and Watch-maker of New Haven, has lately completed a Mahogany Printing Press of the most approved Construction, which by some good Judges in the Printing Way, is allowed to be the neatest ever made in America, and equal, if not superior, to any imported from Great Britain. This Press, we are told, is for Mr. William Goddard of Philadelphia, Printer of the Pennsylvania Chronicle.

"We are assured by a Gentleman from the Westward, that Mr. Abel Buell, of Killingsworth in Connecticut, Jeweller and Lapidary, has lately, by his own Genius, made himself Master of the Art of Founding Types for Printing.

"Printing Types are also made by Mr. Mitchelson of this Town, equal to any imported from Great Britain, and might by proper Encouragement soon be able to furnish all the Printers in America at the same Price they are sold in England."

I am also able to correct, on Dr. Green's authority, an error in that letter of Funk & Wagnalls which Mr. Hawthorne so wittily answered in the same number of *The Critic*. Mr. Hawthorne did not attempt to deny the statements in the letter, but I think it would interest *Critic* readers, if the publishing-house mentioned could give us its authority for recording Bismarck and Washington as former book-canvassers. There is no foundation whatever for the statement that there is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society a canvassing-book used by Longfellow, with one of its leaves bearing the first stanza of the poem "Excelsior." So Dr. Green, who is the Librarian of this Society, informs me. I think the Webster myth has been exploded some time ago, if I remember correctly, but, inasmuch as the great expounder graduated at Dartmouth in 1801 and De Tocqueville's "America" was published in 1835, it hardly seems possible that the embryostateman could have canvassed for the book during his second term at college.

BOSTON, July 31, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

ON THE DAY before the unveiling of the Keats Memorial it was said that the arrangements were so complete that nothing was needed for the success of the ceremony but fine weather. The day came, and brought with it one of the most miserable afternoons of the season: rain fell in torrents, a gusty wind blew umbrellas inside out, the steep ascent to the Hampstead Parish Church was wrinkled with gutters. But the prophets were proved false, for, despite all absence of the one thing needed, the ceremony was a complete success. The unveiling was fixed for four o'clock, but the festivities commenced some two hours earlier, when Mr. and Mrs. Walter Besant entertained at luncheon a party of guests including Lord Houghton, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gosse, Mr. George Du Maurier, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mr. F. Holland Day and other members of the American Committee. By half-past three quite a large number of people had collected in the Church, and it is computed that there were fully 1400 guests present when the ceremony commenced. Mr. Gosse's energy was amply rewarded by the representative character of the gathering, the old and new schools of literature being equally ubiquitous. Prof. W. E. H. Leckey and Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. J. Dykes Campbell were to be seen shoulder to shoulder with Mr. John Davidson and Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Frederick Wedmore and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, Mr. William Sharp and Mr. W. B. Yeats. Among the Americans were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Platt, Mr. Richard Hovey, conspicuously poetical in appearance and bearing; Miss Jeannette L. and Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder. Fiction was represented by Mme. Sarah Grand, Mrs. W. K. Clifford and Mr. Zangwill; the drama by Mr. F. C. Burnand and the critic, Mr. Moy Thomas. Even publishers were not wanting in the persons of Mr. William Heinemann and his partner, Mr. Sydney Pawling, and Mr. John Lane. But I might fill this column with names, and yet leave out many of interest.

The choir and clergy entered at four o'clock, Mr. S. B. Barnaby, the Vicar of Hampstead, being supported by the Primate of Jamaica and the Bishops of Ohio and Brisbane. Their appearance was the signal for Mr. F. Holland Day and Mr. Edmund Gosse to advance to the chancel steps, and Mr. Day at once, in a few graceful phrases, presented the bust, which is set in the north transept.

to the literary world of England. Mr. Day traced briefly the history of the movement, making mention of those who had contributed to the fund, and concluded a modest and well-chosen address with a quotation from a poem by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Mr. Gosse followed with the speech of the afternoon (printed below). It was a dignified address, and was delivered with the orator's usual facility.

Lord Houghton, a son of the late Richard Monckton Milnes, the biographer of Keats, alluded feelingly to the pleasure his father would have experienced, had he lived to be present on the occasion; and Mr. Sidney Colvin, at considerable length, but with intervals of grace and felicity, reviewed Keats's connection with Hampstead, and expressed his hope that it might yet be possible to purchase the house in Wentworth Place where Keats once lived, and make of it a museum of relics of the poet. Then Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, read a brief but exceedingly touching eulogy of "Adonais," and Prof. S. Willis Clarke, Registrar of the University of Cambridge, expressed the gratitude which English men-of-letters must feel at the pious zeal which had prompted the gift and the ceremony. An anthem followed, and a short service, and then the large congregation crowded round the bust, the pedestal of which had previously been decorated with laurel wreaths, placed there by Miss Teresa Gosse and Miss Celia Besant; "two youthful admirers of the poet," as one of the daily papers described them.

The weather had now cleared, and the day's proceedings closed with the party at the Vicarage, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby most hospitably entertained a very large number of guests. I should mention that Mr. Swinburne, who was unable to be present, sent a letter of sympathy, which was read by Mr. Gosse, together with a sonnet by Mr. Theodore Watts, who could not be prevailed upon to give utterance to his own work. The entire ceremony was a complete success, and I am sure that, had the American donors been present, they would have been gratified by the pleasure their gift has given, and by the important welcome which it received at the hands of a gathering unusually representative of the best in current English literature.

A popular portrait-painter should have many interesting reminiscences, and a good deal of entertainment may be expected from the random recollections of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, which are to be published early in the autumn. Mr. Lehmann is seventy-five years old, and travelled considerably upon the Continent in his youth. Since he attained his reputation, he has met the Prince of Wales, Robert Browning, George Eliot, Lady Martin (Helen Faucet), Liszt, Landseer and many others, of all of whom he will have impressions and anecdotes to relate in his volume.

The delicate sense of morality enjoyed by some people is at times inscrutable. News comes from Melbourne that a meeting of authorities has been held there to consider certain books which were held to be unfit for circulation in the Colony, and which it was proposed to exclude by an edict. Foremost among these was "The Heavenly Twins"! After due deliberation the assembly concluded that the story was just moral enough to pass muster, and things remain as they were. This morning, too, there is a report that the magistrates of Liverpool have seized every available copy of this week's number of *Pick-Me-Up*, because they object to a reproduction of Louise Perrey's "Phœbe," which accompanies the issue as a supplement. These, as Lord Dundreary used to say, are "things no fellow can understand." Talking of Mme. Grand, by the bye, I am glad to be able to say that she is well again and busily employed upon some short stories. For several weeks she has been suffering from the effects of a visit to an unhealthy country district, and has been quite unable to work.

A good deal of notice is being attracted here by a short novel by Miss Florence Farr, called "The Dancing Faun," which forms one of the "Keynotes" series originated by Mathews & Lane. Miss Farr has hitherto been known on the stage rather than in the library. She gave, I believe, a performance of "The Lady from the Sea" some three years ago, and has recently been identified with the dramatic success of the season—Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," which was produced under her management at the Avenue Theatre. Miss Farr is a lady of unusual personal attractions. She has remarkable eyes with a deal of expression in them, a mobile, delicate mouth, and a very graceful carriage. She has as yet scarcely succeeded as an actress, but it looks as though she were to make a name by her story. I hear, too, that her publishers are shortly to bring out a volume of poems by that striking Canadian, Miss Pauline Johnson, who has been spending a short season in London, where she has made a great impression by her brilliant recitals and her singular and beautiful

personality. She will, I believe, return to town next summer, by which time, perhaps, she will be established among the minor poets. I am told, by those who have heard her recite her own verses, that they have a good deal of power and originality.

LONDON, July, 20, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Keats Memorial

MR. EDMUND GOSSE'S ADDRESS

IT IS WITH NO small emotion that we receive to-day [July 16, 1894], from the hands of his American admirers, a monument inscribed to the memory of Keats. Those of us who may be best acquainted with the history of the poet will not be surprised that you have convened us to the church of Hampstead, although it was not here that he was born nor here that he died. Yet some who are present to-day may desire to be reminded why it is that when we think of Keats we think of Hampstead. It is in his twenty-first year, in 1816, that we find the first record of his ascent of this historic eminence. He appears, then, on the brow of Hampstead Hill as the visitor, as the disciple of Leigh Hunt, in his cottage in the Vale of Health. He comes, an ardent lad, with great flashing eyes and heavy golden curls, carrying in his hand a wreath of ivy for the brows of Mr. Hunt.

Nearly eighty years ago—this pilgrimage of boyish enthusiasm,—but a few months after Waterloo. The last rumblings of the long European wars were dying away in the distance. Our unhappy contest with that great young republic which you, sir, so gracefully represent to-day, just over and done with. How long ago it seems, this page of history, how dusty and shadowy; and how fresh and near across the face of it the visit of the boyish poet to his friend and master on the hill of Hampstead! Such at all events was the earliest appearance of Keats in this place, and here the "prosperous opening" of his poetical career was made. Here he first met Shelley, Haydon, and perhaps Wordsworth; hence in 1817, from under these "pleasant trees" and the "leafy luxury" of the Vale of Health, his earliest volume was sent forth to the world; here, in lodgings of his own, at Well Walk, he settled in that same summer, that he might devote himself to the composition of "Endymion." Here his best friends clustered round him, Bailey and Cowden Clarke, Dilke and Armitage Brown and Reynolds. Here it was that, in the autumn of 1818, he met, at Wentworth Place, that brisk and shapely lady whose fascination was to make the cup of his sorrows overflow; hence it was that, on the 18th of September, 1820, he started for Italy, a dying man. All of Keats that is vivid and intelligent, all that is truly characteristic of his genius and his vitality, is centered around Hampstead, and you, his latest Western friends, have shown a fine instinct in bringing here, and not elsewhere, the gifts and tributes of your love.

If we find it easy to justify the locality which you have chosen for your monument to Keats, it is surely not less easy, although more serious and more elaborate, to bring forward reasons for the existence of that monument itself. In the first place, that you should so piously have prepared, and that we so eagerly and so unanimously accept, a marble effigy of Keats, what does it signify, if not that we and you alike acknowledge the fame that it represents to be durable, stimulating and exalted? For, consider with me for a moment, how singularly unattached is the reputation of this our Hampstead poet. It rests upon no privilege of birth, no "stake in the country," as we say; it is fostered by no alliance of powerful friends or wide circle of personal influences; no one living to-day has seen Keats, or artificially preserves his memory for any private purpose. In all but verse, his name was, as he said, "writ on water." He is identified with no progression of ideas, no religious or political or social propaganda. He is either a poet or absolutely nothing—we withdraw the poetical elements from our conception of him, and what is left? The palest phantom of a livery-stable-keeper's son, an unsuccessful medical student, an infelicitous, consumptive lad who died in obscurity more than seventy years ago.

You will forgive me for reminding you of this absence of all secondary qualities, of all outer accomplishments of life, in the career of that great man whom we celebrate to-day, because in so doing I exalt the one primary quality which raises him among the principalities and powers of the human race, and makes our celebration of him to-day perfectly rational and explicable to all instructed men and women. It is not every one who appreciates poetry; it may be that such appreciation is really a somewhat rare and sequestered gift. But all practical men can understand that honor is due to those who have performed a difficult and noble task with superlative distinction. We may be no politicians, but we

can comprehend the enthusiasm excited by a consummate statesman. Be it a sport or a profession, an art or a discovery, all men and women can acquiesce in the praise which is due to him who has exercised it the best out of a thousand who have attempted it. This, then, would be your answer to any who should question the propriety of your zeal or of our gratitude to-day. We are honoring John Keats—we should reply in unison,—because he did with superlative charm and skill a thing which mankind has agreed to include among the noblest and most elevated occupations of the human intelligence. We honor in the lad who passed so long unobserved among the inhabitants of Hampstead, a poet, and nothing but a poet, but one of the very greatest poets that the modern world has seen.

The Professor of Poetry at Oxford reminds me that Tennyson was more than once heard to assert that Keats, had his life been prolonged, would have been our greatest poet since Milton. This conviction is one now open to discussion, of course, but fit to be propounded in any assemblage of competent judges. It may be stated, at least, and yet the skies not fall upon our heads. Fifty years ago to have made such a proposition in public would have been thought ridiculous, and sixty years ago almost wicked. When I was myself a child, I remember that I met with the name of Keats for the first time in conjunction with that of Kirke White, an insipid poetaster whose almost only merit was his early death. When the late Lord Houghton—a name so dear to many present, a name never to be mentioned without sympathy in any collection of literary persons,—when Monckton Milnes,—as in 1848 he still was,—published his delightful life of Keats, it was widely looked upon as a rash and fantastic act to concentrate so much attention on so imperfect a career.

But all that is over now. Keats lives, as he modestly assured his friends would be the case, among the English poets. Nor among them, merely, but in the first rank of them—among the very few of whom we instinctively think whenever the characteristic verse-men of our race are spoken of. To what does he owe this pre-eminence—he, the boy in this assemblage of strong men and venerable greybeards, he who had ceased to sing at an age when most of them were still practising their prosodical scales? To answer this adequately would take us much too far afield for a short address, the object of which is simply to acknowledge with decency your amiable gift. But some brief answer we must essay to make.

Originality of poetic style was not, it seems to me, the predominant characteristic of Keats. It might have come with ripening years, but it cannot be at all certain that it would. It never came to Pope, or to Lamartine, to Virgil, or to Tennyson. It has come to poets infinitely the inferiors of these, infinitely the inferiors of Keats. Those who strive after direct originality forget that to be unlike those who have preceded us, in all the forms and methods of expression, is not by any means certainly to be either felicitous or distinguished. There is hardly any excellent feature in the poetry of Keats which is not superficially the feature of some well-recognized master of an age precedent to his own. He boldly takes down, as from some wardrobe of beautiful and diverse raiment, the dress of Spenser, of Milton, of Homer, of Ariosto, of Fletcher, and wears each in turn, thrown over shoulders which completely change its whole appearance and proportion.

But, if he makes use of modes which are already familiar to us, in their broad outlines, as the modes invented by earlier masters, it is mainly because his temperament was one which imperatively led him to select the best of all possible forms of expression. His excursions into other people's provinces were always undertaken with a view to the annexation of the richest and most fertile acres. It is comparatively vain to speculate as to the future of a man whose work was all done between the ages of nineteen and four-and-twenty. Yet I think we may see that what Keats was rapidly progressing towards, until the moment when his health gave way, was a crystallization into one fused and perfect style of all the best elements of the poetry of the ages. When we think of Byron, we see that he would probably become absorbed in the duties of the ruler of a nation; in Shelley we conjecture that all was being merged in the politician and the humanitarian, but in Keats poetry was ever steadily and exclusively ascendant. Shall I say what will startle you if I confess that I sometimes fancy that we lost in the author of the five great odes the most masterly capacity for poetic expression which the world has ever seen?

Be this as it may, without vain speculation we may agree that we possess even in this fragment of work, in this truncated performance, one of the most splendid inheritances of English litera-

ture. "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," Keats most truly said, "the mighty abstract idea of Beauty in all things." It is this passion for intellectual beauty—less disturbed perhaps by distracting aims in him than in any other writer of all time,—that sets the crown on our conception of his poetry. When he set out upon his mission, as a boy of twenty, he entered that "Chamber of Maiden Thought" of which he speaks to Reynolds, where he became intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere. Many of his warmest admirers seem to have gone with him no further, to have stayed there among the rich colors and the Lydian melodies and the enchanting fresh perfumes. But the real Keats evades them if they pass no further. He had already risen to graver and austerer things, he had already bowed his shoulders under the Burden of the Mystery. But even in those darker galleries and up those harsher stairs he took one lamp with him, the light of harmonious thought. The profound and exquisite melancholy of his latest verse is permeated with this conception of the loftiest beauty as the only consolation in our jarring and bewildered world:—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

And now, sir, we turn again to you and to the gracious gift you bring us. In one of his gay moods, Keats wrote to his brother George in Kentucky, "If I had a prayer to make, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet." That wish was not realized; the "little child o' the western wild" remained, I believe, resolutely neglectful of the lyre its uncle offered to it. But the prophecies of great poets are fulfilled in divers ways, and in a broader sense all the recent poets of America are of Keats's kith and kin. Not one but has felt his influence; not one but has been swayed by his passion for the ethereal beauty; not one but is proud to recognize his authority and dignity.

The ceremony of to-day, so touching and so significant, is really, therefore, the pilgrimage of long-exiled children to what was once the home of their father.

"Inductive Text-Books"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

May I be permitted as a teacher of the classics with several years' experience in preparatory and college work, and as one deeply interested in the progress and encouragement of classical study, to express my surprise and regret at your review (May 26) of certain Greek text-books edited by Dr. Harper and others? The statements that the general name of the series is "misleading," and that the Inductive Method therein applied is "mock induction," are extraordinary in the light of the expressed opinions of such scholars as Professors Peck and Goodell of Yale, Spieker of Johns Hopkins and Hart of Trinity, and many "good" teachers of preparatory schools throughout the country who commend these books because of their inductive features. The expression "inductive Vergil," which the reviewer presents as quoted, is unwarranted as far as any claims of the editors of the work are concerned, for the term "inductive" is applied only to certain features of this character which are found in the introductory matter. As regards scholarship, the work just referred to—Harper's Vergil—has been sharply criticised because of its impressive, scholarly tone, which some declare to be unsuited to a text-book used in preparing for college; while other books of this series have been commended by scholars of no less authority than those mentioned above for the simplicity of presentation, which is the great requisite in works arranged for the elementary student.

The comparison of the table of idioms found in the Harper and Wallace Anabasis with one made up from a list of idioms found in Kelsey and Zenos's Anabasis, arranged in parallel columns introduced by a statement leading to the inference that the authors of the former work had transferred bodily a list of temporal idioms found in the latter, is seen to be unfair when it is understood that the Harper and Wallace Anabasis aims to give only the most common idioms, twenty-four of which, classified as to time in that work, are here matched against a like number selected from the forty-one time-idioms scattered through nine pages given to this subject in the Kelsey and Zenos edition. Such a comparison is as unjust and misleading as would be a comparison of words selected from vocabularies of different authorship compiled from the same source. A table of idioms which of their own nature are stereotyped, and which when most familiar can only be rendered by a stereotyped English phraseology used so generally as to become common property, must bear a striking resemblance to any other table obtained from the same author.

All of us may not agree as to the advisability of using the induc-

tive system, or such a presentation of it as is found in the Harper books, but we should recognize, at least by our candor and fairness, the great progress made by the awakening of interest in classical studies through the labors of the apostles of the Inductive Method.

JAMES C. EGBERT, JR.,

Instructor in Latin, Columbia College, Editor of Macmillan's Shorter Latin Course.

[We cannot open our columns to an extended discussion of the merits of text-books and methods of instruction. But we find what appears to be a representative opinion of American classical scholars in the frequently quoted "Report of the Committee of Ten," expressed as a formal recommendation to teachers (p. 75, Recommendation 13):—"Except in unusually skillful hands, the so-called Inductive method of Teaching Latin (the italics are ours) should be used with extreme caution." EDS. THE CRITIC.]

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

A SECOND EDITION of Redgrave's "A Century of Painters of the English School," some time before the public, differs from the first, which appeared more than fifteen years ago, in being reduced to one volume, and made to include several painters not mentioned in the former work. Unfortunately (as it seems to us), the author adheres to his resolution not to mention living artists. The present artistic movement in England is a very interesting one, and, by cutting short his account with the *dead* pre-Raphaelites, he leaves the tale half told. The abridgment, too, has been effected by leaving out much of the descriptive part of the first edition. A chapter on "The Preservation of Pictures," which has really little to do with the general subject, could better have been spared. Still, the work is, within its limits, a comprehensive one, and its author's judgments are usually founded on reason. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

—Mr. W. R. Lethaby's "Leadwork, Old and Ornamental, and, for the Most Part, English," is evidently the result of a good deal of study compressed into a very small compass. There are few subjects of more interest to the amateur decorator; for lead, as the author shows, may be treated in a great variety of ways, and may be applied to many uses. He has chapters on "Material and Craftsmanship," "Lead Coverings to Buildings," and "Leaded Spires and Turrets," with an interesting account of the gilded and painted lead work of the Middle Ages; and of "Lead Coffins," "Fonts" and those old leaden garden statues and fountains, that, at the worst, become picturesque in time, because, from the nature of the material, they withstand accidents without breakage, and that are replaced with us by iron or zinc, materials which become shabby but never picturesque. There are many curious illustrations. (Macmillan & Co.)

—"The Art of the World" is the name of a new work, announced for publication by subscription, in twelve parts, by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London. With the special approval of many well-known English, American and Continental artists, some of the masterpieces of modern English, American, French, German, Spanish, Dutch and Italian art have been selected for reproduction. Many of the artists have painted replicas of the pictures selected, which have been sent to Boussod, Valadon & Co. of Paris, to ensure exact reproduction in color. The text has been written by M. Yriarte, who gives brief biographies, descriptions of the pictures and personal sketches.

—We have received from D. C. Heath & Co. a series of drawing-manuals, designed for use in the public schools, by Langdon S. Thompson, M.A. It includes two volumes on manual training, ten on free-hand drawing, four on accompanying sets of models and other apparatus furnished by the publishers, seven of an "aesthetic series" on ornament, and seven of a "mechanical series." The copies and other illustrations are for the most part from well-selected examples, and are well drawn and printed. The text of the various manuals, intended for teachers rather than for pupils, is instructive and clearly written. On the whole, we can recommend the series for the purposes for which it is intended.

—Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, Stanford White, the architect, and William M. Chase, the painter, have addressed to Mayor Gilroy a letter containing a vigorous protest against the Park Board's action regarding a communication, recently sent to it on the subject of the appointment of a landscape-gardener on the Harlem River Driveway. The letter says in part:—"We cannot regard the response which the Park Department made to this petition through the Mayor's office as satisfactory. A landscape ar-

chitect is properly a factor in such a scheme from the beginning. The attempt to lay down the lines of the Harlem River Driveway without consultation with a qualified expert is calculated to produce a result inferior to the standard of artistic excellence in New York as successfully established, and to involve the city in the expenditure of unnecessary money, besides causing damage to the territory which may be irreparable. * * * Protection against the unwarranted vandalism contemplated by the Park Board in the matter of the Harlem River Driveway must lie somewhere in the administration of the city. As taxpayers and as citizens interested in the creditable development of New York, we must again protest against the abuse of which we have already complained." The Mayor has acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and referred it to the Park Board. That it will have any effect, it is too much to hope. The people of New York seem incapable of learning to take care of their own property.

—The Goethe Verein of Vienna has at last charged Prof. Edmund Hellmer, the Austrian sculptor, with the execution of the Goethe monument to be erected in that city. The delay in the giving of the commission was caused by the intense rivalry between Hellmer and the popular artist Viktor Tilgner, which divided not only the Verein, but all the art critics and art lovers, and finally the entire intellectual part of the population of the Imperial city. Tilgner's model was rejected because it violated one of the rules of the competition, being twice as large as prescribed.

—The National Sculpture Society offers a first prize of \$300, and a second of \$200, for the best two sets of designs for the United States silver dollar. The designs will be exhibited at the Society's next exhibition in this city, early in 1895. It is to be hoped that our artists will appreciate this opportunity, and compete, notwithstanding the checks and snubs so lavishly bestowed upon them by our Government. They may catch our rulers napping, and give us a coin that shall be beautiful to the eye for more than its intrinsic value. The models must be in plaster, not colored in any way, and six inches in diameter.

—A piece of Italian alabaster, carved with the English rose and the Florentine lily intertwined, will soon be placed over Robert Browning's grave in Westminster Abbey. The poet's name and the dates of his birth and death will be the only inscriptions. His son, Mr. Barrett Browning, has established a lace factory and school at Asolo, thus beginning the fulfilment of his father's dream, to see the place once more a busy centre of industry, as it was when he visited it in his youth.

Current Criticism

A DEFENCE OF MR. CURTIS.—The Boston *Transcript* finds fault with the list lately published of people who are interested in the proposed memorial to Mr. George William Curtis, because it includes the names of some persons "of late identified with the anti-woman-suffrage agitation in New York." It protests with some heat and some rather abusive implications that "with Curtis woman-suffrage was the dominant, the characteristic note, and no despoiler of woman's proffer of political help is fit to be a sincere friend and guardian of his fame." The *Transcript* takes much too limited a view of Mr. Curtis. He had many sides and many interests, and many men of many minds looked up to him and honored him as the nearest approach to their ideal citizen. Many of his warmest supporters admired and believed in him without any consideration of his views on the woman-suffrage question, and with but slight interest in that question one way or the other. For one thing, Mr. Curtis was perhaps the most prominent representative of the cause of civil-service-reform, and of the political ideals that are linked with it. To shut out from participation in the work of raising a memorial to him all who have not yet come to share his convictions about woman-suffrage would be as great an injustice to his memory as it would be to the persons excluded. He was much too large a man to be dealt with in that small way, as the *Transcript* will probably admit when the heat of the present suffrage discussion is over.—*Harper's Weekly*.

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, FRANKLIN.—The *Critic*, in a notice of the edition of the writings of Abraham Lincoln which has been brought out by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, remarks that "Washington and Lincoln are the only Americans whose memory is held in such esteem that every scrap of their composing, down even to their most familiar letters, is deemed worthy of preservation." The *Critic* strangely ignores Benjamin Franklin. It is no disparagement of Washington to say that for every one who

reads his collected writings there are twenty or fifty who read those of Franklin. Moreover, Franklin was a writer whose originality was so conspicuous that he never touched a subject without bringing to its consideration striking and novel ideas, most of which were shrewd and sound. As for Lincoln, his collected writings have never heretofore been accessible. His Gettysburg address is one of the gems of the language, and he wrote many phrases and passages that the world will not willingly let die. But it is incredible that he will ever be read by as numerous a body as comprises the assiduous readers of Franklin. Nor would it be a consummation to be wished for Lincoln's writings to have more vogue than Franklin's. Washington and Lincoln were good and great men. Franklin was a good and great man, and also a great original philosopher and writer. It is not too much to place him at the head of American authors—the greatest writer whom this continent has so far produced.—*The Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.*

Notes

DURING the month of August, *The Critic* will publish no Chicago Letter, owing to the absence from town of its correspondent, Miss Monroe.

—Copeland & Day will publish, ere long, a volume of verse by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, to be called "Songs from Vagabondia." The poems will not be signed—the discovery of each author's identity being left to the reader's critical acumen. The volume, which will be a small 8vo of 56 pages, will be illustrated by Mr. Thomas B. Meteyard, and issued in an edition of 750 copies and a large-paper edition of 60 copies, of which 50 only will be for sale. Its English publishers will be Mathews & Lane, London.

—Miss Kate Sanborn found "Adopting an Abandoned Farm" so decidedly popular, that she is to publish during the month, through the Appletons, a companion volume called "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," which doesn't mean that Miss Sanborn has given up farm life, but merely that she has taken up another and more abandoned place of residence.

—Credit should have been given to *The Outlook* for the excellent drawing of Harvard House, reproduced in our issue of July 14 from the pages of that deservedly prosperous journal.

—"The appearance of 'The Manxman' in one volume has been put back a little," says *The Athenæum*, owing to the circumstance that the American publishers, Messrs. Appleton, have insisted on their right to simultaneous publication. In these days of international copyright a popular novelist cannot afford to forget America."

—Among D. Appleton & Co.'s new publications are "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," by William Henry Hudson; "Vashti and Esther," a novel of society, and new editions of Ignatius Donnelly's "Ragnarok" and "Appleton's Dictionary of New York." They announce, also, "Mrs. Limber's Raffle; or, A Church Fair and its Victims," by William Allen Butler.

—Mrs. Helen Campbell has been appointed Associate Professor in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin to teach Social Economics and Household Science. Mrs. Campbell will go to California in the autumn for some special work at Leland Stanford, as well as to enter upon the associate-editorship and ownership of *The Impress* (not *The Empress*), a paper which Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson has edited, thus far, as the organ of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. This it will cease to be with the September number, becoming thereafter a sixteen page weekly. Mrs. Stetson will remain its editor. Mrs. Campbell will return to Madison, Wis., for the spring term, giving a short course at Denver University, on the way from San Francisco.

—Miss Mary E. Burt sailed for Europe last Saturday, and will spend what is left of the summer in England and Scotland, at work on a series of readers for Ginn & Co.

—The 42 Historical Pilgrims, led by Prof. Lyman P. Powell, left Philadelphia for Hartford on July 30, and were received in the latter city by a committee consisting of Charles Dudley Warner, James J. Goodwin, P. H. Woodward, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, Forrest Morgan, F. B. Gay and other members of the Connecticut Historical Society.

—Sara Jeannette Duncan is publishing in *The Youth's Companion* "The Story of Sonny Sahib," a tale in six chapters. Mrs. Cotes has left her home in Calcutta, and is spending the summer at Oxford, England.

—Macmillan & Co. have in press, for early publication, a book which, aside from its literary merits, will have the distinction of being the first book to be illustrated by the colorotype process. It is called "A Corner in Cathay," and its author is Adèle E. Fielde. The book will be illustrated with twelve plates, and is described as a very lively and interesting account of a little-known quarter of the globe.

—Macmillan & Co. announce that E. J. Simcox, the author of "Primitive Civilizations," is a woman, the initial E. on the title-page standing for Edith.

—The popularity of "The Wings of Icarus," by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, which was due to its pretty make-up, as well as to the interest of the story, has induced the publishers, Macmillan & Co., to bring out two more books in the same attractive style. One is "Mad Sir Ughtred of the Hills," by S. R. Crockett, and the other, "The Silver Christ, and A Lemon Tree," by Ouida.

—According to *The Independent*, Paul Sabatier, the author of the new life of St. Francis of Assisi, has had an instructive experience with the authorities of the Vatican. His work has been placed on the list of prohibited books by the Index Congregation at Rome, which consists largely of cardinals. The decree was published on June 8. Now it appears that this book, which was pronounced heretical by the Congregation, had before this already secured the blessing of the Pope, to whom a copy had been sent, and that this blessing had been conveyed to Sabatier by the Papal Secretary, Cardinal Rampolla, who, doubtless, was unaware of the fact that the author was a Protestant pastor.

—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome requests us to state, apropos of our review of "John Ingerfield" (April 21), that "The Lease of the Cross-Keys," one of the short stories in that volume, was published in *The Idler* some twelve months before the appearance, in *Cornhill*, of "An Ecclesiastical Scandal." *The Critic's* review drew attention to the resemblance in plot between the two stories—a resemblance so strong that the establishment of priority of publication is far from superfluous.

—Dr. C. M. Campbell writes to *The Athenæum*:—"Being much interested in the works and life of Oliver Goldsmith, and exercised in mind in the matter of his disputed medical degree, I took the liberty recently of writing to Padua University, asking if such a name appeared in their records of graduates, or of alumni even, for the years including those of Goldsmith's Continental wanderings. A most courteous reply was returned to me by the secretary, evidently after careful searching. He says no such name can be found, and seems to think it cannot have been there, if anywhere, the degree was obtained. This rather depressing negative evidence may possibly interest others of your readers besides myself, and so I trouble you with this note."

—W. E. W. writes to us:—"I think you will be interested in this example of transliteration by a Boston bookseller, in which the Greek capital letters are represented by those they most nearly resemble in form, without regard to their sound or value:—'409. Testament, New. H. Kainh Alaohkh. Novum Testamentum. Juxta exemplar. Joannis Millu accaratissime impressum. Editio prima Americana. 12mo, half-morocco, pp. 478. Wigornia, Massachusetts; excudebat Isaias Thomas, Jr., 1800.'"

—*The Magazine of American History*, which has languished since the death of its founder and editor, Mrs. Lamb, will be revived by the Patriot Pub. Co. Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., is the new editor-in-chief. Publication will be resumed with the September number.

—The Franklin Pub. Co. announces a cheap edition of Robert Appleton's "After the Manner of Men."

—Mr. William Loring Andrews has presented to the Yale University Library his collection of early printed books and rare MSS., among them being "Homiles on the Gospels," by Gregory the Great, printed in 1473 by Gunther Zainer; "History of Animals by Aristotle," translated into the Latin by Theodore Gaza, printed at Venice in 1476, by John of Cologne; "Liber Etymologicorum," by Isidore of Seville, printed at Strassburg (1470) by Johann Mentelin; "Aesop's Fables," printed at Milan (1480) by Buono Accorso; "De Duobus Amantibus Historia," by Aeneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II), printed by Ulrich Gering in Paris, in 1470; "De Linguae Latinae Elegancia," by Lorenzo Valla, printed at Venice in 1471 by Nicolas Jensen; "Quadragesimale de Penitentia," by Roberto Caraccioli, printed in 1472 at Venice by Wendelin of Speyer; a manuscript "Life of Carlo Zeno, Admiral of Venice," printed by his grandson (1458), dedicated to Pope Pius II.; an Italian manuscript of Livy (fifteenth century), including his "Historia

Romæ," written in the form of Gothic printing, the pages being painted and illuminated most artistically; Pliny's "Natural History," printed at Venice in 1472, by Nicolas Jensen, bound by Roger Payne; "De Proprietate Sermonum," by Nonius Marcellus, printed at Venice in 1476, by Nicolas Jensen; "Jacobus Magnus," by Jacques Legrand, printed at Paris in 1477 by Krantz, Gering, and Friburger; "Gesta Romanorum," the earliest printed edition, Cologne, 1472, by Ulrich Zell; Vulgate Translation of the Bible, Paris (1549), printed by the widow of Thielmann Kerver, in the original leather binding; "Ordinary of Christian Men," printed at London (1506) by Wynkyn de Worde, bound by Matthew. The collection is a very valuable one, though small, and adds considerably to the importance of the Library, which is already rich in ancient pamphlets, American records, rare prints and old newspapers.

—"The Quarterly of the Protestant Episcopal Church has a clergy-list which exhibits many quaint and uncommon surnames," says *The Outlook*, "some singularly and remarkably appropriate to the vocation of their possessors. For example, there are three Churches, four Crosses, three Deacons, eight Bishops (who are only rectors), two Easters, one Christmas, two Temples, an Archdeacon (which is remarkably apt), a Paradise, and a Christian. These, it will be admitted, are well-named men for preachers of the Gospel."

—Mr. E. S. Frisbee, who has just resigned the Presidency of Wells College, is sojourning at North Brookfield, Mass.

—Mr. Frederick N. Scott, Assistant Professor of Rhetoric at the University of Michigan, has issued a circular in furtherance of his desire to collect data "on the psychology of English usage"; he wishes more particularly "to ascertain the origin of dislikes, especially of arbitrary, unreasoning dislikes, for certain words and phrases." Copies of the circular will be mailed on application to Prof. Scott at Ann Arbor, Mich.

—The "Tales" by M. Demetrios Bikelas referred to recently, were translated by L. E. Opydyke (not by "Miss Opydyke"). Mr. Opydyke is at present in Germany.

—*The Athenæum* says of the purely literary work in Mr. Howells's "Traveler from Altruria," as distinct from its social teachings:—"The style is fairly pure on the whole, but there are too many Americanisms of the kind which, while common enough in the average American novel, must be protested against in a novelist so popular in England." It instances eyes expressing "a vast contemporaneity, with bounds of leisure removed to the end of time," "the drip of fountains like the choring of still-eyed cherubim," "to minify," "to glass itself" and "gracile ease."

—Frederick Warne & Co. have resolved to postpone the publication of Part I. of "The Royal Natural History" until Sept. 1, as the delay in printing the work was greater than they anticipated.

—The annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library for the year 1893 shows an increase of upwards of 57,000 "printed and MS. items" received during the year. Nearly 40,000 of these came in under the copyright act. Of the remaining seventeen thousand-odd, 666 come from the United States. The Shelley donation, received from the poet's daughter-law, through the late Prof. Jowett, is pronounced "one of the most important gifts received by the Library for many years." It consists partly of volumes given under special conditions. These are not to be opened or copied until twenty-odd years hence, and consist of MS. letters of Shelley, his second wife and others, together with two printed volumes containing Shelley's journal-book and other biographical documents. The remainder of the donation is permanently exhibited in the library, and consists of ten autograph MSS., three volumes of the poet's printed works, the Sophocles found in his hand after death, and two copies of portraits of him. Lady Shelley has within a few weeks further enriched the Bodleian by a gift of various relics, including a portrait, painted after death, of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley; a watch and chain, with seal attached, which belonged to her and the poet; and a case containing locks of her hair and his.

—William Andrews & Co. of Hull, England, propose shortly issuing "The Quaker Poets of England," by Evelyn Pyne (Mrs. Evelyn Noble Armitage). The work will include biographical and critical notices of Quaker poets past and present, with selections from their poetry, and will be prefaced by an essay on the characteristics of Quaker poetry and a brief sketch of the rise of the Society of Friends in England.

—*The Fourth Estate*, the "newspaper for the makers of newspapers" recently established in this city by Mr. Ernest F. Birmingham, announces that "with the close of the present year the pub-

lishing and advertising world will lose one of its members whose personal popularity will make his loss keenly felt." The reference is to Mr. Oswald Weber, Jr., formerly Secretary of The Critic Co., and now publisher of *Far and Near* and *The Charities Review*. Mr. Weber is already actively engaged in the merchandise brokerage and insurance business at 28 Pearl Street, which is for the present the business office of the two periodicals that he publishes. He is a Mason, a shining light in the Royal Arcanum, and a member of the Aldine Club.

—Mr. George Meredith's "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" will be published by the Scribners about the middle of August. Another new story by Mr. Meredith, entitled "The Amazing Marriage," will be published serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, beginning in an early number.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce a complete edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, in two volumes, illustrated, with an introduction by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

—In "The Water Ghost, and Others," soon to be published by Harper & Bros., Mr. Bangs treats supernatural apparitions and psychological phenomena from an unusual standpoint. In lieu of tragic, or at least serious, phantoms, we have a later invention—the comic ghost.

—R. P. U. writes to us from Cambridge, Mass., partly to say that in his story, "The Exiles," Mr. Davis misquotes the third and fourth lines of the stanza of Kipling's "Love Song" beginning "Alone upon the housetops," and partly to inquire whether the song is original with Kipling, or really, as described, a translation from an Oriental source.

—Miss Ida Platt, who was recently admitted to the Illinois bar, is a colored woman who was graduated with high rank this summer from the Chicago College of Law.

—"The most pleasant feature of the advance in female education," says a writer in *The Sketch*, "has been that we are finding ladies who have a distinctive style and a sense of the value of words. Often they go wrong and take tinsel for gold, and speak of what they do not know; but even failure in a good cause is hopeful. Ill-chosen finery betokens a higher ambition than mere slovenliness; and in time our female novelists will learn, as some have learnt, to study the dictionary, as Gautier advised his disciples, and to learn that the preposition 'to' does not rightfully follow the adjective 'different.' There are some words and phrases that connote an inadequate literary education. 'Different to' is one specimen. 'To prefer * * * than' is another terrible combination. 'Sphinx' with a y is another test-word; so is the dreadful locution 'weird-like.' I wish that 'tyro' were also recognized as a miss-spelling; but here corrupt usage has had its way, and the name rightly belonging to an obscure heroine of Greek legend has usurped the place of the good Latin *tiro*. Perhaps 'Sphynx' will be forced on us by printers, who verily 'persecute us without a cause.'"

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS.

1702.—A storm comes up, and the King orders the ship to be run ashore. His daughter asks a sailor what is the best to do, and the sailor says run out to sea; but that the King has ordered otherwise. Thereupon the daughter says she could steer the ship, and forthwith heads it toward the open sea. The sailor exclaims, "I could sail to h— with a girl like you," and the daughter replies, "If you could sail to h—, why not to heaven?" I should be very thankful for any clues as to the name, authorship, etc., of the poem containing this incident.

NEW YORK.

J. E. A.

1703.—I recently bought "The Soul of the Bishop," by John Strange Winter, as the title-page announced. Since then I have seen an advertisement of the book in *Vogue*, the author's name there being given as Stanley J. Weyman. Are the two names pseudonyms of the same writer, currently reported to be a woman?

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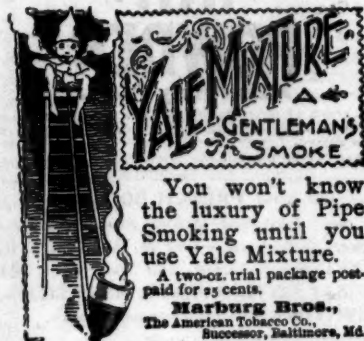
A. R. K.

["The Soul of the Bishop" is by John Strange Winter (Mrs. Henrietta Eliza Vaughan Stannard), with whom Mr. Stanley J. Weyman has nothing in common except the gift of story-telling.]

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Aspects of Modern Study. \$1.
 Atherton, G. Before the Gringo Came. 30c
 Brown, W. A. D. "slog." 30c.
 Chaucer, G., Complete Works of. Ed. by W. W. Skeat. Vol. III. \$4.
 Collier, P. Mr. Picket-Pin and his Friends. \$1.
 De Beranger, P. J. Songs of France. Tr. by M. T. Canby and V. R. Bowers. Phila.: Wm. F. Fell & Co.
 Dumas, A. The Whites and the Blues. 3 vols. The Companion of Jehu. 3 vols. The She-Wolves of Machecou. 3 vols. Little, Brown & Co.
 Gilkes, A. H. The Thing that Hath Been. \$1.30. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Henry, V. Short Comparative Grammar of English and German. \$1.00. Macmillan & Co.
 Hudson, W. H. An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.
 Kenealy, A. Dr. Janet of Harley Street. Phila.: Am. Baptist Pub. Society.
 Lorimer, G. C. Conversion. D. Appleton & Co.
 McVicker, H. G. The Purple Light of Love. D. Appleton & Co.

Manley, R. M. Queen of Ecuador. 30c.
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 Raymond, B. P. Christianity and the Christ. 35c. Hunt & Eaton.
 Scott, W. Quentin Durward. 3 vols. Baker, Taylor & Co.
 Shakespeare, W. Love's Labour's Lost. Ed. by I. Gollancz. 45c. Macmillan & Co.
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 Thomas, A. C. History of the United States. \$1.25. D. C. Heath & Co.
 Turner, W. Hand-Book of the Bible. \$1. Thomas Whitaker.
 Upham, F. W. The First Words from God. 35c. Hunt & Eaton.
 Van Daele, A. N. An Introduction to French Authors. 30c. Ginn & Co.
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